



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER



HN NLCS

Phil. 9347.7

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

o

ROCKS AND SHOALS.

Lectures to Young Men.

BY

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH.



BOSTON:
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.
1870.

PLC 9347.7

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918**

**Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
District of Massachusetts.**

**CAMBRIDGE:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.**

I DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK,
YOUNG MAN,
TO YOU.

P R E F A C E.

THESE Lectures were delivered without notes, and have all the faults which belong to extempore speech. They make no pretensions whatever to any merit of diction or style; and I hope my critics will weigh my Book, not in the scale of Rhetoric or Logic, but rather in that scale which decides the value of its advice and admonitions. I have spoken out of my great love for and my sympathy with young men; and if I have said any thing to stir a single soul to a good resolution, I am amply repaid.

Let me tell a story. A young man of great promise was sitting directly in front of me during the delivery of the first Lecture, on Snares. As I described the progress of a soul on the wrong track, I noticed that he grew very uneasy. When I pictured the inevitable results of extravagance and gambling, he covered his face for a moment; and then, flushed with the consciousness of guilt, rose

and left the church, muttering, "Too late! too late!" It *was* too late. He had already reached the end of his tether, and in a few days was arrested on a grave charge.

If I can only save others from his sad fate, it will be an immeasurably great reward for my labors. God grant it may be so.

G. H. H.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. SNARES	3
II. NOT LUCK, BUT HARD WORK	37
III. HONESTY	63
IV. HOW TO GET MONEY	89
V. HURRY AND WORRY	115
VI. UNDEFILED RELIGION	141

SNARES.

LECTURES.

I.

SNARES.

JOB xviii. 10: "*The snare is laid for him in the ground, and a trap for him in the way.*"

THERE is no change in a man's life which, in importance, equals that which occurs when he first leaves his home to enter the world and seek his fortune. In his own village, he is the centre of an admiring circle of friends. His father has lovingly and proudly prophesied great things concerning him; his mother feels that his nature is refined and pure and true, as most men's are not; his sisters worship him as a kind of god; his word is law, and his life has a positive and constant influence.

When he sets foot within the magic circle of such a city as this, every thing is changed. The curtain falls upon the past as upon an illusion, and rises upon a future that is hard, cold, cheerless, and discouraging.

Without money, but with a great hope, he enters the world, aiming to lift himself a little higher with every day's passage, and believing that at last he will make for himself a noble and an enviable position.

But a poor man cannot live in a palace, though he be hopeful and ambitious ; and so he is compelled by his slender means to choose a single, dreary, sunless, cheerless room, close to the roof of some tall building, where he can hear the patter of the rain overhead.

He lies awake at night wondering what they are doing far away who love him, and is overwhelmed by loneliness, and a consciousness of the depressing fact, that in the great city no one cares whether he lives or dies.

He enters the crowd which hustles him to the right and to the left, and his first impres-

sion of city life is, that every man takes care of himself, no matter what it costs; that he must regard his own interests only, and protect them at all hazards. He has no friendships to cheer him; he knows no one in this great seething world; no one knows him; no one cares for him; and he is made to feel that the only rule of life is either to keep up with the crowd in its rapid movements, or else to get out of the way and make room for some one else.

It is verily a hard world that he has entered. It is a world that gives as little as it can, and asks as much as it dares; a world that moves so rapidly that he, poor boy, grows dizzy; it cares so little for the dead even, that the hearse, with the funeral carriages attached, trots through the street instead of walking, that it may deposit its freight in the graveyard with all possible expedition, and hurry back again to the next house of mourning by which it has been engaged.

Men care nothing for the dead: it is life

they want, and the more daring it is the better.

Well, friends, as I have said, this young man steps upon the threshold of his new career with boundless hopes in his heart. He has made for himself a very beautiful dream; he has colored it with all colors that are grand and exciting. He believes that he has an infinitude of power. He believes that he is able to achieve almost any thing, and that as sure as the years go by they will witness his progress towards his ideal, and bear witness to his sturdy courage, and his bold and persistent endeavor.

How many hopes of this kind have been wrecked! Look forward into the twenty years that are before us, and who can tell what is hidden in their mysteries? Unless a man have great strength within himself, unless he is fortified with a mother's love, unless his father's prayers have been answered, and the blessing of Heaven has come down and shaped itself into religious principles in his soul, the

chances are clearly against him, and it may be there is ruin, sorrow, and trouble in those years.

How sad to look upon that side of the picture! I would not do it willingly; and yet you know as well as I,—you who are growing gray-headed know it,—that many young men drop out of existence in the first few years, after starting with a great boundless hope. They fall because they are too greatly tempted. They are caught in the fowler's snare. They are trapped into ruin and death.

A few years ago, I stood on the south shore of the island of Nantucket. A terrible gale had been blowing the day before, and in the night a heavy fog had settled down upon the broad waste. A vessel richly freighted had come bounding along, leaping from wave to wave. Those on board thought they were in the right path; they all expected in a few days to grasp the hands of friends; they all believed that ere the setting of another sun,

perhaps, they could shade their eyes with their hands, and see the blessed land that was opening its arms with a warm welcome for them. But in an evil hour she struck the beach. Her masts went overboard; she was a total wreck. As I stood looking at the brave vessel, helpless, dismantled, torn, one moment lifted in the arms of the giant and remorseless waves, and the next dashed upon the sand with ruthless omnipotence until every timber shivered and shrieked in agony, it seemed to me so sad a picture that I could have wept bitter tears of regret. The masterpiece of man's ingenuity in a single night ruined and lost.

Brothers, I have stood upon the shore of this lifetime of ours, and seen a sadder picture than that. I have seen a young man freighted with all rich hope, laden down to the very water's edge with an ambition whose possibilities might lift him up on their angelic pinions to the very pinnacle of fame and of fortune; I have seen him struggling in the

midst of the immorality and infidelity which brood everywhere in such a city as this.

I have seen him strike the rocks ; and in a moment, as it were, dismantled, agonized, shrieking at the impending ruin. I have heard him pour out his regrets, and pour them out in vain.

There is no picture so gloomy as that in the foreground of which is a lost soul crying to God for help, and looking back with tears of remorse upon the bitter and agonizing past. That past cannot be recalled. Would to Heaven that the soul could go back twenty years and live life all over again ! But the law is inexorable. The life has been lived. The years will not come at our bidding ; they have gone into the terrible past ; they bear in their bosom the testimony which we have given into their keeping. When the last day comes, they will stand before the bar of God and tell the story of that sinfulness, of that sorrow, and of that crime.

Well, the first thing to fight against, — for it

is my business to-night to point out some of the dangerous rocks against which men have been wrecked, — is that natural desire which every young man has to do what is called *Seeing what life is made of*. The term "Young America" represents a great deal of knowledge that had better not be known. When we attempt to see what life is made of, we mean that we will dive into the darkness, that we will taste forbidden fruits, that we will follow the lead of our curiosity, and in doing so we run a fearful risk.

When I was a boy, the maps of Africa had written upon them in the centre, Unexplored Territory. In the life of every good man, it seems to me, those words have a place. There is a whole realm of knowledge which your feet should never press. Within this magic circle, there is only doubt, despair, trials, uncertainty, disease. There are some things which it were better not to know, and there are many things which it were far better not to do. There are some words which

never should pass the lips, and there are some thoughts which, when they chase each other through the mind, are not like the clouds between the sun and the inland lake, that leave no shadow when they have passed, but rather like the fatal miasm which, when it has gone, leaves ghosts of itself to haunt the ground where it has been.

Now, then, brothers, there are a great many temptations which stand in the way of this pure-hearted boy of whom I have spoken. He comes to this great city to seek his fortune, and by honest means; but, unfortunate though it is, there are many men in the community whose business it is to speculate in souls, and who make their living out of the sadness and woe they bring upon the young and untried. I warn you not only against those who put their hands in your pocket, and steal your purse, not only against those who by stealth and under cover of the darkness watch your house, to break through and rob you of all your worldly possessions, but also, and most

emphatically, against those human spiders who spend their utmost ingenuity — and it is sometimes a damning, and always a damnable ingenuity — to win your confidence, and then lead you into the web. They trade in human wrecks. They lay snares for the young, and remorselessly drag them down to perdition, willing, for their own base purposes, to kill the body and curse the soul. You can see these fiends at every street-corner after dark. They are to be found on the steps of fashionable hotels. They are well dressed, and seemingly well mannered. They put on the sacred disguise of friendship; and, under pretence of showing you what life is made of, they draw you to the edge of the pit, and then tumble you in. They introduce you to the gilded palaces where he who enters leaves hope behind. If he treads over the threshold, his mother's prayers are turned to weeping. To predict the future is not impossible; for he who takes the first step in the downward path is likely to gain impulse as he goes, and bring

up at last in the grave. Yes: I use no metaphor when I say that there are spiders' webs which men and women are weaving in your streets, and, like poor little flies in the sunshine, you buzz your way from flower to flower, and then all at once are caught in the meshes. Unless you are strong in yourself, mighty of limb and mighty of purpose; unless you are borne upon the eagle pinions of prayer, and trust in God, you will be so entangled and so snarled in soul, that the end can be easily foretold.

Beware of pitfalls in the streets everywhere, on either side of which stands the woman with the pretty face, or the man with a handful of golden coins. She beckons you with her smile, and you do not see where your feet are treading: he offers you sudden wealth, and lifts the gold so high that when your eyes look at it you do not see the great pit that is beneath you. You walk in safety for a little while; but at last you take the fatal step, and down you go! And who cares? Not she

who lured you to death: she looks at you when your money is gone, and smiles in derision because you were such a fool. He does not care for you. Though he has laughed with you, and though he has been friendly with you, he does not care an atom for you. It is only for what he can get out of you that he makes his professions, and when you have fallen, and he has got your last dollar, the only thing you get from him is a kick into your grave; for he is too busy looking out for another victim to lend a helping hand to get you out of trouble.

That is the way of temptations. Every thing is wide open that is bad, and every thing seems to be shut that is good.

I wonder, friends, more and more, that our Protestant religion is so lacking in worldly wisdom in its attempt to gain influence over young lives. This church is shut from nine o'clock Sunday evening till nine o'clock on Sunday morning of the next week. There is hardly a Protestant Church in this country that

is open on week-days, while hell opens its jaws at every street-corner; and while devils, in all sorts of costume and in every possible shape, are holding young men in their grasp, and luring them to their own ruin, the institutions of salvation — the institutions that are remedial and redemptive — are to be counted on your fingers, and this in a land that boasts of the century that smiles upon it, that is proud of its culture, of its civilization, of its charities, of its religion. Why is it? Why is it that so few good influences are brought to bear upon those who need the most; so few words of advice given to those who, if they were given, might be led to the right, instead of wandering to the left? I would to God that every church in our land could be open all the time; that every evening our own organ could send forth its sweet music; that the door of this church might be wide open, that the spacious hall might be lighted up, and that ten thousand fascinations might be offered to draw you here, instead of allowing you to loiter

along the sidewalk looking for excitement, and forgetful of all things else.

Now, then, you ask me to be more definite; you say, Tell us what are the temptations that beset a young man. I need not tell you, for you already know; and yet I do need to tell you, because, after I have told you, I want to show you how to rid yourselves of them.

I suppose the first snare of the young man comes from the habit which he almost always forms of drinking. Drunkenness is an old subject, and yet the procession of the lost is very long. It is a very trite theme, and yet the groans of victims are ever coming to our ears. While we walk in safety, those who reel cry out for help; and fathers and mothers in heaven look down with pity, while God himself grieves for his wilful and wandering children.

How many young men during the first three years of their career in such a city as this, led by one and another influence, by the love of excitement, by pretence of friendships

that seem to be simply convivial; how many young men in the first three years of their career have dropped out of existence, and been forgotten,—their futures buried in the darkness! I am told a great many business men lure their customers by the bottle of wine, and the pleasant seat at the dinner-table; that hardly any contract is considered sealed unless a bottle of wine is broken over it. Many and many a bargain is made on the strength of the oyster or champagne supper which is expected to follow. You must appeal to men's stomachs if you want to trade with them. Is that the basis of a legitimate business? If we sell a bale of dry goods or a box of sugar, is it necessary to give our customer something to eat, or something to drink, or something to smoke, in order to produce a pleasant impression? Is there so much competition in business as to make such a custom necessary? Is it not better to do a little, and to do it honestly, than to do much and do it in such a way as that? Is it not better, friends, to be

poor, than to weave such webs for ourselves and our customers?

But, my young friend, you tell me you are strong and able to resist temptation. Buoyant with the consciousness of power within yourself, you laugh at danger. Well, I have seen a strong man walking on the icy sidewalk at night. He walks safely for a while; but all at once, when least he thinks it, he puts his foot on a slippery spot, and down he goes. You have done that, and so have I, many a time. The icy sidewalk is but a type of a man's life. You may walk never so bravely; unless you have yourself under perfect control, there is no habit under heaven that is so sure to bring you to ruin as this of which I am speaking. I sometimes think there is no power quite like the power of that habit. It is almost omnipotent; for, if once it gets into your life, it creates a craving that will not be satisfied, that roars like a wild beast for its prey. It will have drink, no matter what it costs, and no matter what the end may be.

I would that I could faithfully paint the horrors of the drunkard's life. I would that I might unroll the panorama of his career with all its lurid coloring even to the last scene with its wrecked hopes, its broken hearts, and its gloomy grave.

Then, brethren, I next come to that nameless temptation, which I should be recreant not to speak of, and which yet for the sake of delicacy I dare not speak of in plain terms. It is the rust, it is the rust, which not only takes all brightness from the chain, but also eats into its strength and destroys it. It is something which throws a shadow over your moral nature, and hurts you beyond compare. You know when the temptation first enters the mind, you know how delusive it is, how it spreads itself like a pall over your life, while, as it were, you go to the funeral of your self-respect.

You know how easy it is to commit other sins when once you have yielded to that temptation. There are some habits which, like

small doors, lead to narrow apartments in which only a single sin resides ; but this habit is a great gateway, that, turning on its creaking hinges, opens into a vast domain wherein a thousand bad spirits have their abode.

Through its influence the marriage contract itself is dimmed and weakened. It destroys the relation between the husband and the wife ; and unless a man can control his lusts and his appetites, he can never enter into the kingdom of home.

If you are absolutely true to yourself, there is no nobler man than you on the earth. If your allegiance to what is physically honorable is unquestioned, if you can stand up in the fulness of physical integrity and look the Almighty in the face without a blush, you are a member of the true order of nobility. Few men can do this. Few men are there who have not sacrificed at the red-flamed altar of passion. It is partly the fault of our early education, and greatly the fault of the fast age in which we live ; an age which unduly and

unnaturally stimulates the bad passions, as well as the loftier ambitions of mankind. Yes: I impeach your society,—the society here, and in every great business community in America. It admits to its most exclusive circles men who ought to have no welcome from pure women. If a man is a genius, is a poet, or an orator, we never think to ask about his moral character. If a man is rich and powerful, he is courted and flattered, though he be foul as a sepulchre.

When a man gets rich, and especially if his riches come too easily, how strange it is, how inevitable it is, that, in the large majority of cases, he begins his new career by spurning the laws of physical purity! It is a marvel. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Why, brethren, in America we are almost losing the central idea of home. The purity of our homes is being dimmed and tarnished by this looseness which is protected by public opinion; and that delicious aroma which once made them so beautiful is fast disappearing.

It is considered so very slight a thing for a man to do this kind of wrong. It is hardly any thing against a man's character; it is nothing against a man's standing in the community,—if he happens to be wealthy especially,—that the world knows he is thoroughly impure. Men smile at it; women take the bad man's hand, and admit him to their presence, when they ought to be ashamed to let him throw his shadow upon their lives. You are not brave, good women; you are not true to your better instincts; you are not dignified, you are not queenly; for even you stand by his side, laugh as he laughs, and there is no word of rebuke from your lips, while God looks down and frowns on you as well as on him.

I impeach our society because we move so rapidly, and our love for gold is so great, that we teach young men to marry the girl who is rich rather than the girl who is sensible, noble, and true. Money first, and whatever else may come afterwards. No matter for the

other things, if only the gold is there. Like charity, it throws a cloak over almost every thing. I have spoken to you plainly on this point, friends, because plain words come most naturally to my lips. It is hard for me to cover up my severe criticism of this matter. You know I am in the right; you know the danger that lies in your path. You should think of it: it is time that it were impressed upon your minds. I dare not shirk my duty to tell you that as a community we are growing careless and shameless.

Then there is another, not the least of the great temptations to which a young man is subject, which comes under the general head of gambling. Gambling is a logical and practical result of love of excitement: it is the inevitable sequence of a desire to be rich in a hurry, and of an unwillingness to pay the legitimate price for money. All the world gambles; all classes in the community gamble. In hot climates, the whole thing is regulated because it cannot be prohibited. In the

temperate zones it is ignored. In the South it is protected by government, and in spite of the religious sentiment of society. In the North, it is carried on *sub rosa*; and religion only feebly denounces it. Like a vampire, that habit is sucking into the life-blood of the lower classes. In New York, it is doing more harm, it is exerting a greater demoralizing influence, than almost every thing else.

It is a habit which, once acquired, is never lost, or hardly ever. It requires the force of a giant to break its chains. If once you yield submissive to its commands, it makes you its slave; you lie prostrate before it; you are utterly helpless, bound hand and foot. It is like opium-eating. It comes on by degrees; it steals with a wonderful subtilty through all the system; and when once it has impregnated your being, it holds you fast to the end, and in its ruthless grasp it keeps you till you die. Are there in this presence those who stand on the threshold of that habit? Oh, I doubt it not! Not only one poor victim, per-

haps a score who have felt the influence of the excitement drawing them into its eddy, in the centre of which is the vortex of ruin.

The poor boy comes after dark from his attic. He walks along the streets friendless and alone. His life is dull and monotonous; he is enticed by the tempter, who whispers in his ear that sentence which has been the death-warrant of many a man, "What's the harm?" He enters the gilded palace, and finds every thing to eat, and every thing to drink, and all things pleasant. Cheering words are heard there, and friendly pretensions are made. The place is so very unlike his dismal room. Everywhere they are playing cards, they are throwing dice, and taking up from the table two dollars for the one thrown down. The poor boy has no friend to take him by the hand and lead him out. He is hardly himself, hardly accountable for the next step: a species of insanity, a kind of morbid excitement, takes hold of him, and leads him on insensibly, until he has gone further than he

ever dreamed of going. It is only a dollar that is asked, and he has a dozen in his pocket. He is lucky, and finds two for the one he put down. He puts the two down, and takes up four, and puts the four down and loses the whole. Then, when every dollar is gone, he stakes his honor, and so is in debt; and debts of honor must be punctually paid. Then the man who smiled upon him, and bade him try his luck, the man who offered him drink at the counter, the man who joked with him, and told him anecdotes that made him laugh, who surrounded him with all pretensions of friendship, — pretensions which were only the net spread to catch the unwary, — that man, when the boy owes him money, tells him to get it at once, no matter how, or he will ruin him. Ruin him? That has already been accomplished. The boy takes the money out of his master's till. He does not mean to steal. Very few men do mean to steal when they begin such a career as that. He honestly intends to put the money back. Nay:

he vows within himself that he will not only put the money back, but that he will end that habit for ever. And he means what he says; perhaps prays God to help him. But when he pays the money to the friend, the old charm comes over him. He is again magnetized by excitement, and before he knows it is gone. He takes more money out of his master's till, and you will find him soon up yonder in the State prison. You will find him there with the canker-worm in his heart, while the angels weep over him. You will find him there with blasted hopes, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, willing to give every thing on earth if he could only recall his lost honor. But it is gone, and it comes not again.

Now it only remains for me to tell you of some remedies; and I must not tax your patience long in telling you how to avoid the pitfalls and dangers to which I have referred. I will speak, not in the phraseology of admoni-

tion which is common to the pulpit, but in the plain simple language of experience.

I, too, have seen what life is made of. I have not been talking to you merely from observation. I know that what I have said is true. I have seen the wretchedness and woe with which these places are draped as with invisible embroidery. I have spent long weary hours in the dens of cities, and seen young men led on step by step to their ruin. I am sure that I exaggerate nothing; nay, more, that it is quite impossible at such a time as this to tell one-half of the terrible truth. And as I would warn a friend against plunging into a deceptive and dangerous current, so I warn you against the vices which dog your steps, and strive to take you captive.

The first thing to do, if you are strangers here, — I hardly dare to utter the thought, it is so trite and common, — is to keep your old home away back in the country in fragrant remembrance. Do not forget the father or the mother or the dear sisters. Recall them,

and their wishes respecting you, until the dim shadows of that home seem close to you, and until its sweet influences come trooping around you like a band of angels to stand between you and all danger.

In cities, young men grow away from the old folks. It is one of the bad habits of the time. But I tell you it is one of the prognostications of evil in a man's life when he forgets the old gray-haired father far away. Boys think, nowadays, that it does not comport with manly dignity to receive advice from parents. It does not comport with their dignity, after they are twenty-one years old, to kneel down by the chair and say their prayers as they used to when they were younger. Oh, no! a man who has seen life, who is a little proud of his knowledge of the world, does not care to do that. It is the fashion, nowadays, to keep one's religion so closely to one's self that it is very difficult to discern whether one has any or not; and as for country fathers and mothers, with their awkward ways and their

bad grammar, — well, we are just ashamed of them. But I can tell you one thing, — fathers and mothers cannot be replaced when they are gone. I would give the best ten years of my life at this moment, if I could see my dear old father and mother, and say to them, Forgive me for my thoughtlessness : I didn't do what was right ; I was careless of your comfort ; forgive me, and bless me. I can't do it. More's the pity. I have wept because I can't do it.

I look on that poor faded picture of the good old man hanging on my wall, and I remember how my career began. He would take me by the hand, and say, " Goodness is above all things else ; " and though he said it so impressively, I used to turn my back, saying, " It is an old man's prose." I wanted to see what life is made of, and I did. I have seen it all. And now, I would to God that I could go back and sit by that poor old man's side, and hear him tell me the story all over again. Recall those foolish years ? It is too late ; I can't recall them.

But I tell you, if you have fathers or if you have mothers, keep them in your hearts very carefully; and remember that when the prophet said, Honor thy father and mother, he gave to you the secret key that opens the door of life, — of life eternal. You find it hard to appreciate this now; but you will know it some day, when you are older, and have children of your own.

Then there is one other thing of which I must speak. You ought to have an ambition to have a home of your own. There is not a young man within reach of my voice who is not looking towards that consummation of his earthly hopes and labors. It is a legitimate ambition. It is a worthy one; and I bid you keep it close to your hearts, and consecrate it with your daily prayers. You are to have a wife; a good wife I hope. For Heaven's sake get a sensible one, and not a fashionable woman to be your help-meet. It is not so easy to find sensible women nowadays as it was formerly. Somehow or other young

girls think more of fashion, more of dress, more of diamonds, than almost any thing else; and it is very hard for a young man to find a true-hearted girl who is willing *to be poor with him*, and to commence down at the foot of the mountain. It is hard to find one who is willing to wear a gingham dress instead of a silk one, and a plain wedding ring, instead of rich jewels.

Yes: look forward to a home of your own, and get ready for it. Get ready for it by consecrating yourself to a pure and true manhood. Look forward to the ideal home, and strive to make it your own. Keep yourself so pure in body, so pure in heart, so true in spirit, that when the time comes you will not look back to your young days with regret. It is the great charm of life to find yourself the centre of a home circle. It is a man's richest possession, worth more than his millions, to have a loving woman standing by his side,—his help-meet and his best friend. Who has a true wife has one of God's best

jewels ; and he who is to have a true home must make himself worthy of it.

Last of all, in order to make this life serene, you must connect yourself with some religious organization. The Church is God's institution. There are a great many young men who sneer at religion ; and almost all young men seem to feel that religion is a nauseous drug to be taken sometime, but to be avoided as long as possible. Worldly wisdom never kneels in prayer, and looks askance with a smile of contempt on the lip at those who do. If I should ask a young man here to close my services with prayer, I should do only what is quite right, what you ought to be prepared to do at any time. It would be a strange task to put upon you. Friends, we must always live in a prayerful mood ; we must always breathe a prayerful atmosphere ; and he who lives in sworn alliance to the Church puts on a uniform beneath which the heart always beats more bravely than under a citizen's dress.

If you would lead a truly successful life, you must indeed be religious in its best sense. You ought to connect yourself with an organization whose end and aim is the redemption and fortification of the soul. Within these walls you are safe. They are a fortress unto you. Come here, go anywhere; only attach yourself to that Christian faith which has been the blessing of your mother and the stay of your father, and of all the generations of the past.

These are the temptations to which you are subject. You know them all better than I do. These are the remedies which will help you, and you know them as well as I do. Pray to God that you may never stumble into the pitfall, or be caught in the snare, but that you may walk with a sure step in the narrow path, and at last be met on the shore of eternity by those who gave you birth, and rocked you in your cradle.

NOT LUCK, BUT HARD WORK.

II.

NOT LUCK, BUT HARD WORK.

ECCL. v. 12: "*The sleep of the laboring man is sweet.*"

IT is no ordinary blessing for a young man to be sheltered by an American roof, and surrounded by the influences of democratic society. We of America believe in the sanctity of work, and herein lies our national strength. Across the water, the nobleman is one whose especial prerogative is to do nothing; he belongs to an exclusive class; he is taught to look with contempt upon manual labor and manual laborers, and to feel that he is made of a better stratum of clay than what are called common people. But history proves that the family which does nothing runs at last from the heroism in which it began, to utter and complete worthlessness.

In America, the only type of nobleman is the workingman; the man who, twenty years

ago, was poor; who during all those years has toiled along the upward path, governed alike by caution and courage, and having attained to competency has surrounded himself with all those literary and artistic influences which broaden his sympathies and make him an influence in the community. The only nobleman that can ever be the legitimate product of popular institutions is the man who sometime in his life has worked, and worked hard, with his hands as well as his brains.

How glad we are, then, that we live in a society which offers an incentive to every boy, and spurs the young man on, by telling him that all things are within the grasp of a determined will!

In a monarchy, men work on a dull, dead level from generation to generation. The business which the father does is transmitted to his son as surely as the father's features, the color of his eyes, or the peculiarities of his character. The boy dreams of nothing higher. Society is cut up into classes, and practically

it is well-nigh impossible to pass the barrier between one clique and another. There is no incentive whatever given to the poor boy to urge him ever to become a rich and honored man.

Here, on the contrary, ancestry goes for nothing. We never look into a man's past: we count only upon his future. We never ask him who his grandfather was: we do not even care if he never had a grandfather. We have only one word to utter, and it is this: "No matter who you are, do all you can do, be all you can be, and you shall be paid for it." That is the secret impulse in American society. That is the electric power of progress. That is what urges the poor mechanic at his bench to become an inventor; that is what spreads its benediction over all classes, and lifts us all up into a common rivalry, making our homes better by making our hearts more ambitious. I am saying something which is very trite, when I tell you, gentlemen, that you are the architects of your

own fortunes; that in the next twenty years it will depend upon your own hearts whether you are great or small, whether you occupy a high and an honored position or one unhonored and disgraced.

The days before you are blank pages, and on their white surfaces you may write whatever you will, — a career heroic and noble, or wretched and mean.

As you stand now upon the very threshold of your new work, as you look forward hoping to make these dreams that you have dreamed realities in the years to come, if you ask what advice I have to give, I tell you, first of all, and I tell you with as much emphasis as I can command, never, under any circumstances, trust to what is called Luck. * It is sure to fail you when you need it most. He who plays the game of chess successfully, — that is, he who wins it in the end, — makes each move calmly and deliberately, conscious of its importance, and hoping that in doing so he is taking one step forward towards the

victory. It is so in the great game of life too. The man who is in a hurry never wins success. You must be calm as well as courageous. The man who is filled with a lofty purpose, whose spirit is high and heroic, who scorns what is beneath him, whose eye is fixed upon some goal in the sky, and who works with a steady will, determined that each day shall bring him nearer to his ideal, almost always achieves his mission, and always lifts himself at every step into a higher atmosphere of moral dealings and of social influence.

The man who aims at nothing always hits it. ●

Success nowadays can be reduced to mathematical principles. Pay the price, and you shall have what you want. Work calmly, work persistently, work with a purpose, and every year shall witness your progress.

The trouble with us in America is, that we are very impatient, and think to accomplish a great deal in a very short time. One man on the street who makes a "lucky hit," and

for his little investment draws out an enormous amount, does more than can be dreamed of to demoralize the community. A thousand others, unwilling to work for the money they hope to get, too hasty in temper to wait twenty years for the result of twenty years' toil, put their small venture upon the wheel, to lose it in the end.

There are so many men in the community who are always *just going to* accomplish their mission. They never do the great thing; they always spurn the little gains of to-day, and are hopeful concerning the great gains that are coming to-morrow. Micawber-like, they are impatient at the delay of good fortune, but are very sure that their turn to be rich will come soon; and so they wait, until at last some friend puts upon their tombstone, as their proper obituary, For forty years he was *just going to*, and then he died. It is not well to live in commercial air-castles, and yet it is done every day by scores of foolish men.

There is a logic, a severe logic, and an indis-

putable and irresistible logic in business. You must accord with the normal conditions of success, or the victory will never be attained. He who lives in air-castles when he is young, generally ends his days in the poor-house. Most of my companions of fifteen years since, who hoped towards large things, but were not faithful in little things, to-day wear seedy coats: they are hoping still, but their hopes will never come to fruition. Never trust to luck: it is an *ignis-fatuus*, born in the moral swamp, and it invariably leads men, if they follow it, into the mire at last.

Look at the lives of the giants in this great city: ask them, as they sit on the throne of their magnificent commercial success, and look back through twenty-five or thirty years of changes, of hard work, of constant and persistent labor,—ask them if there was any luck in their lives. In nine cases out of ten, they will tell you, “No! success comes not by chance: it comes out of the brave hand and out of the brave heart that dares to be faithful

in the common work of daily life; it comes out of that manly independence that dares to do the drudgery of to-day, that after a while it may climb up the ladder of fame and fortune."

How often was it said a few years ago, when Webster made his great speech against Hayne, — you and I have heard it a thousand times from the lips of these over-sanguine but bad philosophers, — "Oh, how *lucky* some men are to have so grand an opportunity! It comes, and simply takes them in its arms, lifts them up as it were, whether they will or no, and puts them on the pinnacle; and they are the observed of all observers, and the envy of all their companions." And yet those who knew Mr. Webster knew that all this was false. The one single three hours' speech, young men, which gave to him his glory and his fame; which sounded his name from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi; which made all the men of the North feel that a mighty statesman had come at last, — that three hours' speech

was the work of the twenty years behind it. The great orator confessed again and again, that if he had not toiled in obscurity, had not labored faithfully by day, and faithfully by night, year after year, when the golden moment came he would not have been strong enough to grasp the opportunity and make it his own.

How often do you hear of the luck which attends the physician, who for many and many a month sits silent in his office, and then, all at once, through a mere accident perhaps, is called to a critical case! He watches the pulse of the sick man by day and by night; he feels the beating of the heart; he is master of the situation; he commands the disease, and, though it has a firm hold upon the poor patient's vitals, it obeys his will as the slave obeys the king; and the poor man rises from his bed in health to bless the doctor. You look upon it and say, "What a piece of good fortune!" Nonsense! there was no good fortune in it. It was only one of those oppor-

tunities which rise to the surface of society every day; and the physician who in that sick room made his reputation, and perhaps his fortune too, put into that single case the result of many a year of hard and faithful study. If he had not been true in the months behind him, that opportunity would have slipped through his grasp, and to-day he would be sitting in his study and waiting for his patients.

It is so in the career of the lawyer. The man who works in his boyhood; who, whatever he undertakes, — whether it is of great importance or little, — puts his whole soul into his work, and does it as a man should do it, — always runs across some golden opportunity that bears him on its pinions above ordinary humanity.

Now, gentlemen, it is so, I take it, in business life. I have studied with unusual care the biographies of the rich men of America; I have talked with some of the most influential merchants of our city, men who are in the midst of their gray hairs, who are standing on

their millions, and who have behind them twenty or thirty, and even forty, years of work; and I have received invariably the one answer to my question, "How much of your money comes simply as the result of good luck?" That answer has been, "Absolutely nothing."

Now, then, what is it that makes the man? If, years hence, you are to stand in honored positions, what are the attributes of character that will command success? Why, brothers, you know just as well as I do, the secret; and you know, also, whether you are on the road to success or not. You know the conditions of victory; and you know whether you are according with those conditions, or whether you are simply floating like a piece of timber on the current, to be carried here and there or anywhere according to the flow of the river. A strong will, a large stock of patience, and a great deal of hard work, these are the cornerstones of a good man's character, these are the solid granite blocks on which you can safely build.

He who builds his house quickly puts into it green timber, and is careless about his other materials. In a few years the timber cracks, and the house has lost half its value. He who builds in solid fashion, block by block, with honest work, with patient hope that the end will justify his toil, and with persistent determination to do his very best, lives in his house secure from any tempest that may arise. He makes such a house his fortress; and he sits within it, as the knight of old within his castle-walls, knowing that it will be a sufficient protection for his children and his children's children.

Young men, an earnest will can accomplish any thing, — any thing that is good, and any thing that is bad. It is the master element in man's nature; it is very like omnipotence. It can fix your purpose, and it can keep it fixed until the end is reached, no matter how difficult the path may be. He who has a strong will has half won the victory. He who has a strong will, and a consecrated one, already

feels the laurel on his brow. In a city across the river, a poor miser died a little while ago. He had piled up almost a million. How had he done it? Through the influence of a persistent determination to be rich, cost what it might. He laid by dollar after dollar; he controlled his appetites and his passions; he subjugated all those elements of his nature which craved for the dear influences of a home, the blessed beauty of a wife's and of children's love. These things he put under his feet. He utterly annihilated them, and became as stony as though he had no heart. He kept that vision of gold in view all the while, and never once lost sight of it. There never was an opportunity to save a dollar that went by unchallenged. He always saved: he never gave. To be sure, the man's soul was dwindled to a dot; it shrivelled all up in him; it became at last a mere microscopic atom, so small that perhaps the Angel of Resurrection will scarcely find enough to take up to heaven: but the man achieved his wretched work. He had

will enough to conquer himself, and to subdue the world; and before he died, he had piled up a million of dollars. Such persistency in a good cause would have made a saint. The blessed men who, centuries ago, gave up their homes, their friendships, and every thing that is generally thought desirable, and spent a weary life in desert solitudes, and died at last starved into sainthood, showed no greater will than this poor miser. *He* will be remembered only with contempt or pity: *they* will be revered by half of Christendom. It takes no more will to be a very good man than it does to become a very bad one.

Again: it seemed an impossible work, a few years ago, to stretch a wire across the Atlantic Ocean. When you and I first heard of it, it seemed to us very like an Arabian Night's tale. We laughed at the audacity of the man who dared attempt it. He was simply the victim of his own wild imagination; and you and I proved by the best science extant, by means of our charts, showing the

currents in the ocean, that it was an utter impossibility, that it was a waste of money and of brains, and that he who dreamed of doing it was fitter for a madhouse than for our confidence.

We have forgotten all about our incredulity now. It seems so simple a thing to sit in London and whisper to a friend in New York, that we wonder if we ever laughed when the scheme was proposed. We did laugh nevertheless, and heaped all kinds of ridicule on the Quixotic plan.

It was at length achieved. A man, inspired by a force of will that wakes our wonder, by a determination so fixed that neither scorn nor ridicule could change him, that neither the persuasions of friends nor the menaces of foes could move him, carried his project single-handed,—and his hands were giant-hands,—until at last he stood upon the western side of the Atlantic, and stooping picked up this end of the wire, and touching his tongue with it felt the thrill of victory that

had sped two thousand miles to tell him he was right, and the world wrong.

Again: said a man, when the question concerning the Pacific Railroad was mooted, "Good heavens, sir! do you mean that you can lay a road from here to the Pacific Ocean, rail by rail?" "Yes." And the thing was done at last. It was a project so mighty that we only looked at it in wonder, as it progressed, and scarcely doubted that it would fail in the end. Neither you nor I believed in the possibility of such a thing as that years ago. It was done simply through the unalterable determination of a few men, whose will stretched one hand towards the Pacific and the other towards the Atlantic, and brought them close together. They brought the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains into the same neighborhood, and we are thus enabled to utilize the plains of the West, and multiply the commercial interests of that great section of our country.

So you see, as well as I can tell you, that

he who has a strong and mighty purpose of his own, if he never wavers, is sure to achieve success in the end. Whatever a man has really determined to have, that he will have. If you can only become as it were inspired ; if you can only be baptized into the spirit that never yields and never wavers ; if you can only make your ideal and then keep it in sight, — before the gray hairs grow upon your head, you will stand upon the pinnacle that you have looked at, and you will do more than the work you dreamed of in your boyhood days.

Young men, I wish you to believe that God has himself put you into the midst of your business ; that you are his servants, and not the servants of Mammon ; that you are not simply drudges, trying to pile up a few dollars, but component parts of a world that must be better or worse for the lives you live. He who has a true idea of life does the lowliest work with manly dignity and with a kingly heart, and throws into the humblest toil a religious influence.

My impression is, that the young men of to-day do not study their business as a man studies a profound problem. They do not make themselves masters intellectually of all its ramifications and of all its possibilities. They work because they must, and not because to work is part of life's best discipline. I have been greatly surprised in talking with our merchants to find how much they knew practically of the world they live in, how carefully they have followed the channel of their own business in all its various directions, so that they can tell its exact influence upon any given class in society; how they have reckoned the exact influence of the gold market, the grain or cotton crop, the Cuban insurrection, or a startling editorial in a daily newspaper upon their trade. Their business demands of them that they shall know all about the grave problems of political economy, the movements of philanthropy even. One cannot be successful as a merchant without becoming a careful student. Hence it is

that the business men become our most efficient public officers.

Young men, if you are to have a noble career, you must be bold, you must be brave, you must be persistent, and you must be a careful student of men and things. We had two generals in the army who serve as types of the man who fails and the man who succeeds. The one stood at the head of his forces (and they were to be counted by the scores of thousands), and looking towards the coveted prize, felt within himself not the power to take it, but a fear lest he might not be able to do so. He went into the fight with a good purpose enough, but with no determination; and so when the battle grew hottest he gave the order to retreat, and though a thousand lives were lost, the work was to be done all over again. That man was the type of those thousands in every-day life who try, but do not try hard enough; who, if they would, could win, but who retreat in the presence of the foe.

The other general marched at the head of his forces, and whenever he took a single step forward, he kept it, no matter what it cost. He never retreated. He listened to no man's fears, obeyed no man's timid counsel. He was simply master of the situation; and so through a whole tide of blood, and through a whole world of woe, he marched over the graves of his comrades, and at last, on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, received the hilt of the sword that for four years had caused our country so much sorrow and so many tears.

It is always so. Know what you are going to do, and then do it. Be sure that you are master of the situation, and then stand in manly dignity, throwing into your work all your energy, and all your character.

Young man, this word that I have spoken to you to-night is a prosy word I fear, and yet it is a true one. If you heed it, you will never regret it. If you heed it not, the years to come will bear sad witness to the truth of

what I say. You are now standing upon the threshold of a thousand possibilities. You are either to rise high, or to fall low, and your destiny is in your own hands. I do not care who you are; whether you have been rocked in a rosewood cradle or in the cradle of poverty, you have the opportunity to make your life worthy and great. I do not pity you because of the circumstances by which you are surrounded. I do not care a jot or a tittle for the burdens you are compelled to bear. I do not grieve for the hard work you are doing. These things are a part of your discipline; they make up your education; they are the rounds of the great ladder up which you must climb to affluence and position. As you look forward towards the future; as you look up to the good you hope to achieve; as you look into the days to come,—remember these words, Place no faith in luck; it is a false guide. You are to depend only upon honest intentions and hard work.

Believe me, brothers, those two things are

the only solid foundations for a successful career. You may well thank God, if no fortune has been left to you; for that you are born poor is the best thing that ever happened to you. And, moreover, you may well thank God that you were born in this blessed land where there are no barriers to man's ambition. You shall have whatever you work for; you shall stand on whatever plane, however lofty, your talents fit you for, and your strong will can reach. Be persistent, but, above all, be noble. Begin life with a fixed purpose, and keep to that purpose as the sea-captain keeps to his compass.

Above all, friends, — for every thing ends in this at last, — if you would be true men in your day and generation; if you would be true husbands and fathers in the future; if you would be all you can be in business, and not only successful in dollars and cents, but successful also in the manly influence which always goes with a strong character, see to it that you give your heart to God and

to his truth. Never pay away your honor for money: that is too great a price to give for any thing. Be careful to keep your integrity undimmed, and your manhood unstained.

If with a firm heart, a manly tread, a consciousness of unlimited power, and a sense of the Father's eternal presence, you shall go forth, it will be like a true knight of old bearing your shield upon your left arm, holding your brave sword in your right hand, covered all over with panoply, and ready to do God's work wherever God calls you to do it.

Brothers, — you stand here on the threshold of life, in poverty I hope, while a thousand possibilities are beckoning you upward and onward. You can reach any point you will.

As you walk, and as you climb, if you would never look back with regret, carry with you in your hearts, in your hands, in your lives, the blessing of Almighty God, which always rests on that soul that has sworn fealty to Truth and Righteousness.

HONESTY.

III.

HONESTY.

2 Cor. xiii. 7: "*Ye shall do that which is honest.*"

YOUNG gentlemen, you have entered upon a field of labor that is not only wide, but filled with great possibilities and with grand duties. Your life-work as an element of civilization is second to none. Commerce moves the world, and moulds public opinion: religion consecrates them both.

It is not an over-honest world into which you have come, and in the midst of which you are laboring. The golden rule has not as large or wide a sway as it should have. It is a world filled up with pretence instead of reality, with gilt instead of gold, with paste instead of diamonds, and with hypocrisy in the place of religion.

Your object in your work is the achievement of a fortune. You have already learned

the secret ; it was whispered to you in your cradle. The din of the community gave you the watchword when you stood on the threshold of your career. Money is your end and aim. Let me say here that its acquisition is at once worthy and noble. But money will buy so much nowadays, that you are tempted to give too great a price for it. It is the first, it is the last necessity of man.

Every one wants to be known and to be esteemed. Every ambitious man wants place and honor ; he wants not to die unknown, but to have his name upon a thousand lips. In order to accomplish these desirable ends, the first condition seems to be a fortune. The poor man lives unsought, uncared for ; he dies, and no man sighs over his grave. His name is buried in oblivion, and he goes into the night of the world's forgetfulness. The rich man has a troop of friends, pretended or real. He at least excites the envy of mankind ; he possesses all things that seem to be desirable ; he stands in the high place, and the

whole generation looks on his grave when he dies, and reads the inscription upon the monument that perpetuates his memory. So all men desire to be rich, because in riches there is power. Money is the key that turns in the wards of the lock of almost every human heart.

Now, in the first place, I want to impress upon you the transcendent importance of the work in which you are engaged. In the order of Providence, the logical sequence of progress runs thus: first the workshop and workman; then the post-office and the press; then the church lifting its spire, and throwing the inspiration of its influence over the community and into the labors of every day.

I am sorry to confess that over-zealous churchmen have too often begun at the wrong end. In their desire to convert the heathen to Christianity, they have sent to foreign lands a thousand Bibles and a thousand missionaries to explain the Word; while, treading on the heels of the missionaries, a score of unprin-

cipled traders have followed, who have destroyed all the blessedness and all the spiritual fruition of holy endeavor. These speculators, the representatives of the worst part of our civilization, who cheat the natives out of their little all, give the lie to the words and promises of the missionaries, and make as naught all their eloquence and all their sacrifice. It were better to anchor in heathen lands, according to the logic of Heaven, a dozen vessels freighted with the noblest merchandise of Christian civilization, to be sold by Christian men; and then, when the representatives of our community have shown their mental, their physical, and their moral superiority, the Church could come in to mould the history of the people. It is true to-day, as it has been true always, that they who buy and sell give its moral tone to society; and the Church can do nothing until it has consecrated the business of the world. Our merchants are really the Atlases who bear upon their broad and giant shoulders the whole welfare of mankind.

Give me a community in which the merchants are really manly, and I will show you a people whose homes are pure, and whose religion is approved.

Now, gentlemen, if this be so, who can reckon the harm which dishonest men are daily doing? Who can measure the demoralization which spreads itself like a pestilence over the community when business is corrupt? In the panic from which we have scarcely yet recovered, there were certain men who put their fingers on the artery of our commercial life, and stopped the healthy flow of the vital fluid. A fear like a pall spread its shadow upon every workshop and upon every street. No one knew whether he was secure or in danger. It was a holiday in your midst, for no one dared to buy or sell. There were trembling lips, there were trembling hands, there were sinking hearts everywhere; and you felt as though an earthquake was rumbling beneath your business, and that any minute might bring disaster and ruin. It was

the work of only a few men, and yet it so disturbed the whole community that the very pulse of commercial life stood still, and health is not even now restored.

Men in business are like a succession of bricks standing on end: if this man falls he hits the one close to him, and unless he has superhuman strength he tumbles too; and so one dishonest hand in the community, that dares to grasp more than belongs to it, clutches the welfare of a thousand homes, and hurts the hopes and aspirations of half a city. And yet New York is so strange a place that though four weeks only have gone by since that terrible calamity threw its shadow upon us, it is all forgotten. No lesson has been learned. A month is a generation in such a city as this; and even now you look back to that panic, as to a legendary event that happened years and years ago. So rapidly do we hurry from one day to another.

Now there are three kinds of men who go into business. I want to describe them as

fairly and plainly as I can, for your edification and instruction.

First, there is a class of merchants who enter upon their career with fair intentions, who are reasonably honest, but who have no fixed or determined or well-pronounced religious principles. They do not interweave with their daily doings the law of Christ or the love of God; but they float upon the surface of events, and hope sometime to take the tide at its flood. There are thousands who do business without the inspiration of a genuine love for their work. All they labor for is to get enough to pay the rent, and supply the necessities of the family. While their neighbors, who seem to be filled with a divine afflatus, throw the beauty of a transfiguring enthusiasm around every transaction, they work because they must, and deem it all mere drudgery. Such a man never feels the true inspiration which insures success. They are men who have no zeal, no earnestness. They are honest as the world goes, at least in ordi-

nary times ; but they will bear being watched. They put no more chiccory into their coffee than the market will bear, because it would injure their business ; but they put in just as much as the market will bear, because this insures greater gain. Their policy is honesty, because in the long-run honesty brings more dollars and cents to the till. But when the times of financial confusion arise ; times that try men's souls as though a revolution stirred the world ; times when the generation demands of each merchant that he shall stand by himself, and stand erect, dignified in his greatness, and great in his dignity, — these men, who are but the creatures of chance, tumble into ruin, or fall into temptation. The small bribe they will not take, but the great bribe catches them in its web.

They remind me of the captain who goes to sea having a compass, and a vessel properly armed and equipped, but who determines to run for luck and a favoring tide. He can get on well enough so long as the wind favors

him : he will reach Liverpool, if he starts from New York, if the wind all the voyage blows from the south-west ; but in the midst of a north-easter, when fog settles down upon the waters, when there is danger in the storm and danger in the waves, he does not know what to do. He cannot command himself, and he fails to command his vessel. He may, upon the wings of some good fortune, reach the goal ; but the chances are strangely and greatly against him.

Or again, he reminds me of the conscript in time of war. He is not like the volunteer who, with a great hope and a great self-surrender throbbing in his heart, with tears in his eyes as he remembers the cause which is in jeopardy, springs to his feet, musket in hand, and dares to do and die for his country. No : he is rather like the drafted soldier who goes into the fight unwillingly and with hesitating steps. He does his duty after a fashion. Perhaps he is not a coward, perhaps he does not skulk in the midst of the din of act-

ual warfare ; but there is no warm blood in his heart, no love of glory in his heart, and the great and good deeds of the true warrior are never achieved by his sword. Now, in this class, gentlemen, more than half of the community are to be found. Half of the men who do business do it with no high and worthy object, with no well-defined purpose above the mere desire for gain, with no determinate religious principles interwoven with their work. It is not hard to predict the end of such men. The statistics of our community tell what the end will be too plainly and too sadly, when they show that eight out of ten men fail in business.

How many are brought to ruin because they do not feel that God's providence has put them into their particular place, and demands of them that they shall pour all the wealth of their being into their work, neither I nor you can tell. They labor simply for the money that comes as the price of labor, and are never lifted up with a consciousness that they are

helping to do the world's work, and that their lives go into the great treasury of the world's welfare, to make it better and truer and nobler. I warn you, young men, against allowing your names to be placed in this category. You have a nobler and more worthy lookout upon the world than that. You are not drudges. You are heaven's stewards, no matter what the work you have in charge. You will fritter away your best years, you will stand in danger of losing your manhood, and twenty years from now you will look back with regret upon your lives, unless you act under the consciousness that you are of God's commercial priesthood, ordained to add, by your honesty and faithfulness, something to the world's strength.

Then I come to the second class. There are in every community, especially in a community as large as this, certain men who may be denominated financial adventurers. They are simply buccaneers, and on their flag you can see the skull and cross-bones. Their only

motto is, No quarter. I sometimes think they are the lineal descendants of Judas Iscariot. They have shrewdness enough to get hold of the money-bag: then they are cunning enough to let nobody's hand get into it except their own. When you are in their presence you instinctively button up your coat. You need not fear, however, for they will not steal your purse; there is not enough in it to make it an object. They are men whose friendships are false, and whose souls are full of hypocrisy. They are men whose only ambition is for silver and gold, no matter what it costs. If you can help them, they smile on you; but if you are in their way, then, like the wheels of Juggernaut, they grind your bones to dust, and, as they go over you, they do not even deign to look upon your bleeding corpse with pity.

These are the men who watch the market with a tricky shrewdness. They plan corners; they pinch the corn-market until it yields dollars to them; they pinch the gold market until the yellow metal comes into their hands.

No matter who fails or falls; no matter how much the community suffers in the persons of its honest citizens; no matter how many homes are desolated, and how many hopes are withered; no matter for the manly tears that are shed, for the manly hearts that are broken; no matter for any of the better interests of the community, they have but one object, and that is gold. They get it at the cost of honor, at the risk of their souls; and they spend for it the welfare of the whole city.

Their only prayer is for money, and so they are constant worshippers of the golden calf.

They always remind me of those brutal men, who, when shipwrecked and compelled to take to the water, instead of buffeting the waves on their own account, care so much for their wretched, miserable, and worthless lives, that when they see the friendless girl or the orphan boy clinging to a little spar, and hoping thus to reach the shore in safety, fight with the woman and with the child, drowning them both, and then, putting their own poor

unworthy souls upon the log, drift to the shore.

But, you tell me, such men sometimes lead brilliant careers. Is it so? If it is so, it is the brilliancy of the Alaska diamond, not of the real stone; it is a brilliancy that is not worth the having.

They are, in society, precisely like a hair in your watch. The only thing to do is to take it out, and throw it away. The only thing to do is to make such laws that speculators and adventurers will find their only rest in the prison where they belong. There is no place for them in a well-regulated community, for they are just like a plague-spot, the minute you touch it you get the disease and die.

Now, friends, a great many young men are attracted by such a brilliant—or so-called brilliant—career, and hurt for the rest of their lives. A man, or a dozen men, of that stamp, with nothing to lose and every thing to gain, do an infinite deal to misdirect the ambitions,

and taint the aspirations of the younger portion of the community. We all, when we are in the springtime of life, delight in that which is daring, and find plenty of excuses for that which is reckless. Knowing that there is great wrong connected with it, we yet throw the mantle of charity over it.

Look at the end of such a man. That end will come ere many years, and it is not yonder upon the pinnacle of honor; it is not there upon the mountain top; it is not here in your grateful hearts; it is not in the midst of a community which throbs with thanksgiving for such a life; it is almost always in disgrace, in ruin, and in want. Such men live unhonored, and their only grave is oblivion.

Young man, never dream of risking your all in such a career. Remember, above every thing else, that your honor is your chiefest jewel, and guard that as you would guard your life. Never part with your integrity. That is the first condition of success; it is the only condition of happiness; it is the only price of immortal life.

Now, gentlemen, in the last place, I am to describe, unfortunately, a small class in the community, — a class that is represented by the honest man. To this class belong the men who believe in religious principles, and who carry these principles into their daily walks; whose religion is not confined within the four walls of the church, nor to a public profession of belief in Christianity, but is carried in their hearts into the business of every day. You do not need such a man's bond: you know that he values his reputation more than his life, and, if need be, will sacrifice all and become poor again, rather than look you in the face and blush with the consciousness of wrong or guilt. Do you tell me there are no such men? Oh, you are mistaken! I have known many such. They are to be found here in this community; they are to be found in every community. They are the men who make the standard of public morality and virtue. Theirs are the lives that put an indelible stamp upon the world, and give it all its

strength, and all its patriotism, and all its high moral tone.

There are men in this city who are just as knightly in their business, just as chivalric in the spirit in which they do their daily work, as those brave warriors of old who scorned to stain their Damascus blades with the blood of a mere quarrel; who never stooped to fight for what was base or low, but were willing to give their lives for what was high, heroic, and honorable.

These are the men who give all its worth to your community. When a city falls into the hands of the two classes of men which I have already described, then you have social anarchy, then you have extravagance in the higher classes, and you have crime in the lower classes. When the government of a city falls into dishonest hands, you will find that your elections are controlled by repeaters and by demagogues; you will find mob-law rampant in your streets; you will find your public moneys wasted on unworthy objects;

you will find that the judges on the bench stain their ermine with verdicts unworthy; and in a word you will find most of the things which you find in New York. No city can long thrive unless its highest offices are filled by citizens of undisputed integrity. Demagogues and professional politicians tear the fair structure down stone by stone, and use the materials to build houses for themselves. The public may shiver with the cold, if only they are themselves well housed. But once dare to give the public weal into the keeping of active merchants whose integrity is undisputed, and you will find that haunts of vice will disappear, courts of justice will be impartial, and reforms will reach to the utmost limits of society.

The young men in the store are just like chameleons. They adopt the moral tone of the head of the house. If he is sharp and shrewd and flippant, these subordinates soon grow more careless, and easily yield to temptation. If in the counting-room integrity and dignity

sit, if in the employer's face there is a look that scorns things base and mean, every man in the establishment is lifted up towards a higher standard, and feels the influence at once. The tone of the merchant's life is the key-note in the lives of all in his employ.

Gentlemen, you who are in middle life, who are doing business, your ministry is infinitely larger than mine. I speak to the few who can gather within these walls. I speak only with the poor power that inhabits words. They may be earnest words, but they are only words. If you have true and knightly souls, you can speak in the mighty language of deeds. A deed is worth more than a word, and an honest bargain is worth a thousand sermons. You are preaching not in a village church, but in the vast cathedral where the whole community meets, not once a week, but every hour in every day. You are ministering at that altar from the midst of whose flames the incense of many hopes goes up to heaven. The organ-peal in that cathedral is the music

of a thousand mill-wheels on a thousand streams ; it is the echoing peal of the everlasting din of business ; it comes from every heart, and it goes to every heart in the whole country, influencing ten thousand homes, and giving direction to a million lives.

Brothers, feel the responsibility that rests upon you ; feel the magnificence of the work which God has given you to do. Walk not like slaves from day to day ; but, knowing that to do business as an honest man ought to is to do God's noblest work, let your lips speak the truth, and let your hands do deeds of which you shall never be ashamed. You are high priests, you are kings before God.

And so I say to the young men of this city, — I say it with all the emphasis of which my words are capable, — brothers, you who are standing in the springtime of life, be honest ; dare to be men ; prize your manhood and your honor above all things that earth can give ; be upright towards God, be downright towards man.

Do not mind the financial comet that flashes through the heavens and seems to be governed by no law, setting the whole community agog. It is only a madcap by whose caprices you must not be ruled, and whose eccentricities you must not imitate. Be governed rather by the fixed stars of truth which shine for ever and ever, which are the same yesterday, to-day, and always. Put your soul into your work; not your body alone, not your brains only, but your soul. Put the best part of yourself into your business, put your religion into your labor; dignify that work and transfigure it by infusing into it the spirit of Heaven itself.

He who makes a fortune in a beggarly fashion is not the equal of him who does manual work in a kingly way. If you are a clerk, be the best clerk the sun ever shone upon; if you are a salesman, sell goods as no other man ever sold them; if you sell your goods by sample, in Heaven's name let the bulk of your goods be something like the sam-

ple; if you make tenpenny nails, make such nails as never came out of any other man's hands; if you lay bricks for a living, do it as though you were ordained from all eternity to accomplish precisely that work.

But some man turns to me and says, — some poor weak man says, Dear, kind sir, we must cheat a little in order to get along; if we did not adulterate what we sell we could not sell it. Nonsense and humbug, and you know it! If you have life enough in you to do business at all, do business on honest principles, and you will succeed. Cheating may give you a few extra dollars to-day; but it is pretty sure to take not only those extra dollars to-morrow, but all the rest you have besides. Take twenty years through, and you will find that the man succeeds best who sells what he pretends to sell, and who tells the truth always. This world of ours is full of humbug from beginning to end. Every thing is adulterated from coffee up to religion; and if the world needs any thing, if the voice of

the community speaking with authority gives any advice, it is this: Young man, honesty is what we need, it is what we must have.

Now I must end. If I could concentrate the experience of all the rich and true men in middle life and in old age who hear my voice into one word, if I could concentrate the experience of all those men in the community who, like a noble ship, have stemmed the waves, and beaten against the winds, and, richly freighted, have reached the haven; or, turning to the other extreme, if I could concentrate the sad and woful experience of those who have started upon the basis of a bad philosophy, and lost little by little their all, and are now only human logs drifting on the stream or thrown up upon the banks of time,— I am very sure that that one word would be this: Young men, honesty is the rule in heaven, and honesty is the safest rule upon earth.

• "To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

He who starts with his heart right towards God, and determines to put manly zeal into his life, will end gray-headed and honored; and his life shall be a benediction from generation to generation.

HOW TO GET MONEY.

IV.

HOW TO GET MONEY.

ACTS IV. 37 : "*And brought money and laid it at the Apostles' feet.*"

I WANT, Christian friends, to-night to get rid of all my clerical prejudices, and look upon money-making from the stand-point of an honorable, Christian, business man. If I do so, I find to my surprise that money-getting constitutes the nervous system of society, and that gold and silver occupy an exceedingly important place in the social economy. If the love of gold is at the bottom of every thing that is bad, it is at the root also of almost every thing that is worth the having. It controls the individual life, and shapes a young man's ends and ambitions. It affects the life of the nation, moulding public opinion, forming laws, raising bulwarks of defence, maintaining a well-disciplined army, building

railroads, which bind State to State, and stringing the telegraph wire from pole to pole, until ocean speaks to ocean. It is the corner-stone, nay, it is beneath the corner-stone, of our churches, and even our charities receive a new impulse from its sympathy and generosity, and all our means of education, reaching to the farthest limit of our civilization, are based upon it, and receive from it their power to bless.

As the moon in the heavens affects the surface of the ocean, so gold and silver affect the surface of human life. When there is plenty of money, and the market is easy, as you business men say, the tidal wave of the general thrift rolls to the utmost limits of our society, and seems to bless and cheer all classes. The rich man feels more generous in his charities, and all the reforms of the age go moving through the world as a car on a down-grade, gathering fresh impulse every moment. At such a time every man feels in good humor with himself. As in an Indian-

summer day, when the sun breaks out from behind the clouds, we unbutton our overcoats and feel more at home with ourselves, and in better frame of mind towards the whole world, so when the work of your hand and brain is successful there is a different atmosphere all round about you. You are a better, truer, and I had almost said a more Christian man.

Even the poor workman at his bench feels its influence. Far away as he is from the financial centre, the life of this vast nervous system touches him, and gives him new power and light. He no longer looks with stingy economy at the crust of bread, but makes that crust a little richer, and adds to his scanty fare something which looks like luxury in his poor life. His children are a little better clothed, a few more pictures are bought to adorn the room, and a few more books or papers to instruct the mind.

When the money market is tight, its influence is felt all over the world. The churches beg, and beg in vain. Our charities and pro-

gressive movements all halt in the way. They are like the car on the up-grade, or a car with the brakes on. Every thing in society seems to move with a double friction, and the wear and tear of life are terrible.

The rich man jingles the silver in his pockets, and determines to keep it there. The beggar is turned from his door, the pleading missionary is unable to get his usual subscription, and public charity limps and halts. The poor man grumbles at the price of flour, and stops his newspapers and magazines, and thinks the children's threadbare clothes and worn-out shoes quite good enough for the present. Every thing wears a different and gloomy color.

If a man has no money he dies, and no one asks where he is buried, or cares, for that matter. If a man has only a little money, he rubs along as best he can, with loss of temper and loss of health, growing more nervous every day, as the cares come heaping on him, one after another, and it grows a little

and a little harder to pay his rent and fill his children's mouths. If a man has a competence, he is at ease, indifferent to the world's blame or praise. He can buy the adulation of the crowd, he can almost buy the respect of his equals. If he has a very long bank account and a plethoric purse, he can surround himself with all luxuries; he can educate his mind, and satisfy his esthetic tastes. He can live in a splendid house, drive out with his costly equipage, and excite the envy of half the world.

Why, brethren, think of the perils a man will go through with for money. Gold and silver will buy too many men's bodies and too many men's souls. They will sometimes buy our honor, sometimes purchase our manhood: alas! it is oftentimes the price of womanly purity. It is the great temptation in every human being's life. He who can resist the glitter of a gold dollar is fit for heaven. His life is full of manly vigor, who in his poverty can scorn the bribe of wealth,

and like Christ in the wilderness say, Get thee behind me Satan.

An unreasoning love of money finds its way in subtle fashion, and in manifold ways, into every man's nature. It is just like a delicate spider's web, stretched from one end of society to the other; and many and many a poor little human fly goes buzzing around, and all at once is tangled in the net, and the great spider Greed comes out from his retreat and binds his limbs with gold and silver threads, until at last, enmeshed, he lies down to die, a victim to the lust for power. Men will do almost any thing for gold. Just as a swarm of bees will buzz around a clover-blossom, so we hurry to that point where there are dollars and cents to be made. It makes no difference if we have married a wife, and are blessed with children and a home: if the Australian sun talks of gold, we are willing to sever our affections, willing to say good-by to the little ones; for many a long and weary year to turn our backs on all

the advantages of home, society, and civilization, and in the backwoods, and the miasmatic swamps, dig and delve, day after day, week after week, month after month, for the yellow metal that lies at the bottom of our hopes. Or, if the setting sun as it shines upon the mountains of California whispers of gold in the distant ridges, we turn our backs upon New England and the Middle States, incur all possible privations, dangers, and trials, hoping at last to win that shining dust which is the great magician that changes the world's frowns into smiles, and makes all men turn their faces towards us and lisp our name in sweet words of praise, that they may share with us what we have got.

In the very midst of your own society, in this great city, there are men who love gold so much, that they are willing to run the risk of close confinement in the penitentiary for years in the vain hope of getting a few dollars. There are men in the dens of New York who are just as gifted naturally as the

best of us, who have genius or talent of the highest order, who exert their genius and use their talents not with that consecrated perseverance which slowly piles up one dollar on another, but in the direction of that false aim and hope which make a man think that if he can grasp a thousand dollars at once, though he run the risk of danger, it is well with him. The whole world looks at the dollar bill as it looks at nothing else. It sees more in it than it sees in any thing else. Some men have only one prayer, — "O God! bless me to-day with a dollar. Amen." They will work for it, they will seek for it, they will cheat for it, and do any thing which a man ought not to do, for what is worthless unless it is honestly earned.

Every time you go down town there are men who are interested in your going, because in your pockets there is money; and whether in car or omnibus, or on the sidewalk, their keen eyes watch you, and unless you guard your little magic something all the while, somebody's fingers will get at it. So common

is this danger, that you pay millions every year for a police force, whose only business is to enable you to keep what is your own.

Well, this love of money, if rightly controlled, is the grand and glorious impulse of our civilization. I would not take it out of the human heart if I could. I believe it to be a consecrated fire that urges society to nobler achievements. It is a divine force, and through its agency the old and worn-out in art, literature, and architecture are replaced by what is more worthy of the age. When men bartered in olden times, and had no money, when they gave bulk for bulk, wheat for corn, they had few wants, very little ambition, and no high aims. But when money came to be the representative of the value of all things that are to be desired, the old farmer two hundred miles away thought for the first time, of sending his boy to college, or thought of sending him into the centre of civilization that he might build up a fortune for himself.

The discovery of gold was providential. The love of it is and will be for ever one of the divinest impulses of progress. And if this is true, brethren, if such an influence attends the acquisition of gold, no wonder that the men gathered within the reach of my voice to-night, when years ago they stood on the threshold of their father's home in the country, and looked cityward to the horizon line, dreamed great dreams, and with a large hope in their hearts began their journey towards the city. No wonder that, sitting in the twilight shade, they thought of the possibilities of the future; of wife, of children, and a home in the distant future; of a position majestic and grand, until at last they swore allegiance to that yellow dust that can buy the world. No sooner had they made up their mind than they packed up their little all, and started for this place, and jumped at once into the rapid stream, and swam for life towards the goal. It was well that they did so. Their life on the farm would

have been narrow. It would have been a good life, and a pure life perhaps; but no better, and no purer than it may be in the city, if they are as brave as they ought to be. The life there would never have stirred them to any great ambition, and they might have lived and died with the most heroic elements in their souls undeveloped.

Yes: you did well, all of you, to come to the city. If you brought your mother's prayers with you; if you brought the echoes of your father's sturdy admonitions with you; if you brought the New Testament, all dog-eared by your baby-hands of twenty years ago, — you will make a better man of yourself through the struggles and rivalries and temptations and hard work of city life.

I take it, Christian friends, that the effort to get rich is a laudable one. It is one which God smiles upon, one which religion approves. The effort to get rich is many a man's education; and there are no more honorable men in America than those great-hearted veterans

who are to be found in every community, whose grammar is bad, who find it impossible to write a letter after the manner of Chesterfield, whose lips are unaccustomed to the silly nothings of polite literature, but whose lives have a kind of rugged grandeur, a kind of granite majesty in them, that makes us look with admiration and wonder. There is no education so good as that which comes from rough work. He only knows the full value of life who has lived it in its darkness and walked through its dreary shadows.

There is many a man here to-night who began his career twenty years ago in the very humblest position. He swept somebody's store out, then built the fires. In his heart was a boundless and a blessed hope. He was only a freshman then in God's great college. He did everybody's bidding; and if there was any drudgery to be done, he was sure to be called upon. He was faithful in the humblest work that man can do. But under the excitement of a lofty purpose he rose to be

petty clerk in that store, and then he became a sophomore in God's college. Through exemplary conduct, through honorable dealing, he became confidential clerk, and was elevated to the position of a junior in God's great college; and then at last he graduated, and had his own business sign, or entered the old firm a partner, and the money came in dollar by dollar, and the dream of twenty years ago began to crystallize itself into a reality. The brown stone house, and the luxuries of life, all of them came to him: for what pleasant things will not come to those who have been successful in making money? So by means of hard work and honest work, he received the best education any man can have.

But, friends, there is one sad thing of which I must speak just here. You make your money, and you leave it to your boys and ruin them with it. There is no fact so patent in America as this, that the hard work of getting money *makes* the father, and the spending it *ruins* the boy. No matter how

hard you toil, no matter how much drudgery you do, it is the necessary discipline to a good education. But when the old man has made his money he gives it to his child, who has never learnt how to live, and who has never had any responsibility of his own. He spends the dollars not knowing their value, pampers and gratifies his tastes and passions, and ends in becoming effeminate and degenerate. There is nothing so dangerous as to leave your child half a million. The chances are ten to one he will never get to heaven. You made yourself while you made your fortune; your son may *unmake* himself while spending it. Poverty and a warm generous nature are the best legacy you can leave your boys. Give them all the gold they want, and the chances are that in twenty years they will be close to the poor-house. He only knows how to keep money who has drudged to make it. It is far better to put your son into a workshop and compel him to earn his living, than to give him a pair of fast horses. If you do

the first, he may work his way to a high position; if you do the latter, he is pretty sure to drive to the bad.

What a glamour money throws over every thing! You are rich: your daughter has admirers in plenty; they come by the score. No matter how plain the child is, the shimmer of the old gentleman's dollars makes her face beautiful. It is so all over the world. Consciously, sometimes unconsciously, the influence of the money-bag changes the complexion and all the circumstances of life. I overheard a girl, I had almost said a sensible girl, say the other day: "Oh! I cannot marry him; he is good, but he is poor;" as though poverty were a crime. Do you know, I have a strong feeling in my heart that in these degenerate times our girls are more willing to marry a rich man who has a little taint on him, than to marry a poor man who has a clean face and a clean heart. Is that so? If it is so, God knows there is danger. When your society has so false a standard that it can

wink at what is base and mean, if baseness and meanness has its fist full of dollars, and can frown upon honest poverty, good-by to your national life, good-by to your social purity. One step more and you are over the precipice; one step more and you are in the midst of ruin and death.

Brethren, I believe that poverty is the best inheritance of any man. It is well to have money; but money is dangerous, and fills a man's life with temptation. If you are strong in body, young in years, without a cent, but able to look the world in the face and not blush, do not be ashamed of yourself. You are one of God's noblemen, and your chances in heaven are good, and your chances upon the earth are good too. Leave your boy nothing but a good old thumb-stained Bible, and you leave him the foundation of a great life.

Now the church says at this crisis, and it seems to me it makes a serious mistake, "Get away from the world,—it is all turmoil, all

temptation; do not get interested in its projects; religion is one thing, and business another and a very different thing. Go into the monastery, where these subtle voices cannot be heard; go into the hermit's cell, where the din of business and the clink of dollar against dollar cannot penetrate; get that kind of religion which will make a difference between your business down town and your meditations on Sunday, such a difference that the two are strangers to each other." Nonsense! and every man knows it. You cannot get out of the world if you would; you cannot go into a monastery, and you ought not to if you could. That kind of life was never intended for you. A true life is a struggle and a warfare; and you are a coward and a sneak unless you put your shield on your arm, and your sword in your hand, and fight the fight bravely through: you have no right to turn your back on the world; and you insult the Almighty if you creep into a corner and call that religion. It is your business to stay at

your bench, and it is your duty to feel that you are doing God's work every time the hammer goes down, and every time you add up a column of figures. That is the only religion worth having. I conjure you to believe in no other. Never believe that your religion is one thing and your business life another. Unless you can interweave them both, unless you can so entwine them that they make up one solid fabric, your life is a dead failure. Christ came upon the earth to teach you to do it. Men who with brown hands and hard muscles work from early morning to late evening are just as much ordained to their labor as I am ordained to mine. Heaven is on your side, and heavenly hands have been put upon your head in consecration; and you need not leave your bench, you need not leave your workshop, to become God's servants if you are honestly doing God's work every day.

Religion to the politician is that sense of responsibility which compels him to make

laws that are just, and to create a public opinion that is true and pure. Religion to the minister is that generous spirit which prompts him to start noble charities on their way, to infuse a new impulse into all progressive movements, to say the good word of cheer to the down-trodden and oppressed, and to criticise and denounce wrong wherever it is to be found. Religion to the man of business is simply business manliness. It teaches him to be true to himself. It teaches him to be honorable in all his dealings, to be generous, to be just. And he who is just and generous and true and manly for seventy years; who can take his ledger up to heaven, sure that the angels will find no mistake there, need not fear the judgment of God. If your ledgers are right, then your souls are right. If you cheat in your business, — I do not care if you belong to all the churches in Christendom, I do not care if you pray prayers never so long, — you are on the road to hell.

This is a simple, plain matter of fact; and this is a simple, common-sense view of religion. I am not at all inclined to criticise the business world as most ministers do. I have the feeling, and I think you will sympathize with me in it, that the merchants in our community are at bottom an honorable set of men. They are working in a field providentially filled with ennobling responsibilities. There are exceptions everywhere, there are black sheep in every flock. But it is not fair to generalize from these scapegoats; it is not fair to criticise and denounce business life, and business dealings, because there are dishonest men. My impression is that you cannot find the same number of men anywhere who have a higher tone morally, who are more just, generous, and strictly honest than the solid business men of this city. I hope I am not wrong. Immense sums pass every day from one hand to another, with only a word behind them, and no one legally responsible. The moral law and the general honor and honesty of men

underlie business. I think that you who are in middle life will say to these young men to-night, "Gentlemen, you can have no better capital to start with than a word that does not betray itself,—an honest intention that cannot be tempted out of its honesty." Above all things else, my young friends, above all things else, get manliness, and in the end you will win the victory. It cannot be otherwise; if God is on your side, the world will come up and back you. In the long-run, the truth must win. Burn it into your heart, put it on your books, "In the long-run, even in such a changeful community as this, the truth must win."

So I say to you, there is no use in praying on Sunday, and cheating on Monday. It does you no good before high heaven to own the best pew in the most fashionable church if your word is not good for any thing on the street. It does not help you to subscribe to the largest creed in Christendom. God measures a man by his sincerity of purpose, by

the inherent strength of his character, and by nothing else.

And now as you are starting in life, as you are standing on the threshold and looking towards a brilliant future, as you are dreaming great dreams, which I hope will sometime be realized,—dreams of a home of your own, of a wife and children, and of all the comforts and luxuries of affluence,—put this thought into your heart, and keep it there: you are the servants of the Almighty; it is He that has put you into your place, and given you your work. Be faithful in your toil, and stand up always in the dignity of a true manliness. The world is your school-room. Labor with your souls as well as with your hands. Do not be ashamed of your work, but make your work your religion and your religion your work. Make for yourselves a staunch character, a character that will bear the test of any temptation, and believe me, my young friends, twenty years from now it will be all right with you; and forty years

from now, when you lie down to sleep, if you can look back upon a life well spent, a life filled with faithful endeavor, with a high, manly, noble, and Christian purpose, you need not have any fears in closing your eyes, for the angels of God will come to bear you up to heaven. The Father's voice, as He looks upon your shortcomings with loving kindness and tender mercy, and as He remembers, as He promised to do, that you are but dust, will pronounce these words, which are the only coin that passes in heaven: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Get money, get it in manly fashion, get it with kingly hands, and use it with a kingly heart. God grant you may be apt scholars in the primary school of this lower life! your ledger one of the text-books that teach you many a valuable lesson, every page inscribed with the invisible words *Laus Deo*; your Bible another text-book clearing up all your doubts, cheering your lagging spirits, putting

strength into your weak heart, filling your life with radiant hope of a promised future; and then, when your day is over, and your work fully completed, may you be received, an honored graduate, into the higher school, where nobler lessons still are taught, and worthier prizes won.

HURRY AND WORRY.

V.

HURRY AND WORRY.

PROVERBS xxviii. 20 : "*He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.*"

IF I were called upon to designate the happiest man in the community, I should neither choose him from the ranks of wealth, nor from those of poverty. I should look for him in that middle class, that laboring class, which is neither rich nor poor. The happiest man is he whose hope is for constant labor from youth to age, and who in constant labor finds health and happiness and sweet contentment. These blessings are God's compensation for the money he does not possess. A rich man has aches and pains. The laboring man has no money, but good muscles and nerves. Many a merchant down town would give three-quarters of his wealth if he could possess the health of the porter in his store.

He would give the other quarter, if he could begin life all over again on new, better, and higher principles.

The trouble with us Americans is, that we spend all of our time in getting money, and so have no opportunity for physical or intellectual enjoyment. We give for dollars that which is worth more than gold. We give length of days in exchange for silver. We are willing to live out only half our time, to live it nervously, fretfully, and wretchedly, if only during those years we can shield ourselves from the winter storms by a four-story freestone front.

In England, such is the nature of domestic training, boys take a singular pride in their bodies. They are proud of their physical prowess. They boast of the weights they can lift, of the miles they can walk or run, of the labors they can achieve; and when they grow to be men of eighty years, they still seem to be tough and fibrous, and get out of every year of their lives a great deal of solid enjoyment.

Almost every country except our own has its national sports. Englishmen go day after day to the greensward, where they engage in cricket; and, through the muscular development which is the logical consequence of the sport, they carry a larger strength to the moral battle-field, and are better able to engage in the commercial activities that occupy them. In Germany the youth, as a matter of course, as soon as he goes into the primary school, goes into the gymnasium. The teacher cares no more for the amount of knowledge he imparts to the child's mind, than he does for the boy's muscular development, for the way in which he stands, and walks, and works. Boys' bodies are taken care of elsewhere, but here not at all. We have no national sports, no gala-days, no breathing time, only a solid, weary round of work year after year. We start with wonder when we see the agile athlete perform his wondrous deeds. Such things are inexplicable to us, and we even question the use of such strength.

Now, I dare to say in your presence, Christian friends, that a great deal of your commercial integrity, and very much more of your religious principles than you think, depend upon the condition of your bodies. I want to say to these young men, in your presence, that the first condition of commercial honesty is a good, hearty, and wholesome body. He who has it not is morally in danger. He stands no chance in the world by the side of a strong man. The religion which goes with dyspepsia is not worth having. The man who looks at God with a neuralgic brain does not see him as he is. The man whose body is all out of gear neither knows nor dreams of the glory of that victory which comes to him who wrestles in the match and wins; and there is a whole domain of hope, of thought, of deep, solid faith, of practical ambition, of which he has no conception.

Your business demands all the vital force you have to give. It makes a vast difference not only to you, but to those who depend on

you, whether you succeed or fail. You must be far-sighted as well as quick-sighted; and you must, above all, be deliberate, and know the probable if not the possible consequence of every act. If your work, like the exercise of a gymnast, adds to your physical and intellectual resources, and does not dim or blur your moral sensitiveness, you may be very sure that God approves of what you are doing, and of the way in which you are doing it. The reason why we take so little delight in our business is that we are in an uncomfortable hurry all the while. The wear and tear of life in such a city as this, where men must struggle day and night to be successful, is frightful to think of. No man moves a step without friction. He uses himself up day by day. He cannot recuperate by breathing the fresh country air, he cannot enjoy a respite by sitting on the floor and playing with the children. It is business that first looks into his eyes in the morning; it is business that chases him through the swift-

flowing hours of the day; it is business which tells him to eat his meals as quickly as possible, no matter what the consequences may be upon his body; it is business that comes like a nightmare and spoils his dreams in the night. And so, tired and weary and worn, having prodigally expended the vital energy that should have been carefully husbanded, he grows old at fifty, gray-haired at fifty-five, is dead at sixty, and in two months is entirely forgotten.

The old motto of our fathers was a wholesome one, "Slow and sure." They said, "Make your money honestly, make it little by little; then you know how much it is worth, and then you will know how to keep it, and how to spend it." That good old motto is foolishness to us; and when we translate it, it appears on our ledgers very much in this shape, for it is the only motto of America to-day, not "Slow and sure," but "Hurry up and run the risk."

When I look out and see the business life

of such a community as this, I am reminded of the traveller in the streets of Egypt, who, surrounded by a dozen score of beggars, threw to them a handful of the small coin of the country. As though each fractional part of a cent was a diamond worth millions, they jostled and crowded each other, they grew angry, they tore each others' garments, they hurriedly, selfishly, and almost cruelly grasped all they could, and in the growing excitement of the moment they wronged each man his neighbor.

If life is like a game of chess, you must play calmly, bravely, patiently, if you would win. But if, on the contrary, life is merely a grab game, in which he gets the most money who has the longest arm and the closest clutch; if selfishness is the only impelling power; and if we jostle each other and forget the rights of others,—then our business has become demoralized, it lowers the temperature of our religious life, it hurts us, and we and ours are in danger.

Boys are scarcely boys at twelve years of age. No sooner do they reach their teens than they go into the street to buy and sell, and to dream of great things that may come to pass. Girls have parted with their girlhood. Long before they arrive at years of discretion, they are planning conquests in social life. Their lips are all covered, as with snow-flakes, with polite phrases, and they are veneered and varnished with those accomplishments which fascinate and attract; while there is too little that is solid, too little that is worth the having, too little that accords with a noble and grand and Christian womanhood.

The great hope of the American is to get rich, by some lucky accident, in twenty minutes. He is unwilling to work for twenty years, and slowly accumulate by persistent effort year after year, until he stands on the top of the pinnacle. That would be a worthy and legitimate ambition, but it does not satisfy his greedy desire. He is more willing to

spend that twenty years in grumbling over his bad fortune, and trying to invent a plan by which at the end of that time he can rise in a perpendicular line so high that he will be out of sight of poverty in an instant.

The business, it seems to me, not only of this city, but of all the commercial centres of America, is top-heavy, and that is why it is killing us. Immense expenses surround you on every hand. Society demands of you that you shall keep your carriage. It makes a further demand that you shall live in a splendid dwelling. Humility is not one of the virtues of our people. A man who is daring enough to live on a small salary has the real pith in him. He is braver than the soldier who exposes his body on the field of battle. The soldier is filled with a divine impulse, an impulse fiery and hot, and under its potent sway he rushes into the thickest of the fight. The man who earns only a thousand or two a year, who has a family to sup-

port, and who determines to live within his means, deliberately assumes a position which the worldly-minded laugh at, and so he finds himself constantly at a disadvantage.

In order to mingle in the society to which you belong, you are compelled to run into all sorts of extravagances, — the extravagance of dress, of furniture, of dinner-parties. In order to get the money to meet this daily demand, you increase your business beyond its legitimate circumference; and it spreads out further and further, and your credit grows thinner and thinner, until at last it is so thin, that when the crash comes you are bankrupt. There are many men in New York who do a dozen times too much business for their capital; and the consequence is, that they are living in a constant fear of their liabilities. Love for their children and their wives makes them too ambitious for a high and honorable position.

I think you make a very serious mistake just here. It sometimes costs too much to

maintain what you falsely call the dignity of your family. Sometimes it costs your life to put your sons and daughters where you think they belong. You hurry to your business in the morning, and make a venture which your judgment scarcely approves, thus risking all, hoping for good luck. If good luck comes, you bridge the gulf; but if not, your poor body is worn out, and you fret away year after year, while there is very little that is calm and serene and beautiful in your life. I am afraid, friends, that this is the history of many New York merchants. I am afraid that many of you can testify to the truthfulness of my statements in your own lives. What we need is greater quietness and serenity, then we shall have a better religious principle; for he who frets and hurries sometimes sacrifices his honor, when, were he calm and deliberate, he would hold his honor dear to his heart.

You feel this feverish influence everywhere. I have been in your city only two months,

and yet I feel it to such extent that I am already all worn out. It seems to me that every man is doing all he can, and a little more; that he is not only living on what belongs to to-day, but that he borrows a little from what belongs to to-morrow. I think if I could infuse into your lives that love of ease that would lead you to stand or sit still for a few minutes, and once in a while take a holiday, go into the country, or do as many a good man has done before, sit down in the nursery and play with the children, and be a boy with them, your manliness would be more manly, and your Christianity would have a tougher fibre than it can possibly have in your present mode of life. He who lives in the midst of excitement all the time must break, but he who enjoys quiet at intervals can work with energy and not exhaust body or mind.

Let me illustrate this terrible hurry in which you live. I remember that a little while ago I had two or three hours to spare. I started

out and wandered down Broadway to see the sights. I wanted to look into the shop-windows. I had nothing to do except to follow the bent of my inclination. So I looked into the first shop-window for as much as five minutes, hardly aware of the crowd that was going by. Soon I passed to the next window; and, while looking at the various curiosities offered for sale, I began to feel the magnetism of the great crowd hurrying by me. How could I be still when everybody was moving? How could I loiter when every one else seemed bent on a special errand? What right had I to be taking my ease, and to be lazily gazing into a shop-window, when all the world appeared to be a little late, and so were hurrying to make up for lost time. I seemed to myself to be out of place. I, too, must be busy about something. I felt that the unpardonable sin in New York is to have nothing to do, and to do it. I could feel the pulses of these men's hearts as they went by me. Yes: I, too, began to feel

in a hurry. I did not stay long at the third window, but joined the crowd and passed on. The next window I merely glanced at, and that was all. I had got into the tide, and its influence was truly irresistible. I hurried along faster and faster, and at last just as fast as I possibly could. I did not know where I was going: I did not much care where I was going. All I wanted was to go somewhere, and to get there just as quickly as I could. So, panting for breath, I rushed on, and on, and on, until at last I found myself away down to the other end of your city at the ferry. I hurried on board the boat: in a few minutes, each one of which seemed an hour, the boat started. As we paddled across the water, I went to the other end of the vessel, and looked towards Brooklyn very much as I imagine Columbus looked towards America. It seemed to me like the promised land. If I could once put my foot on Brooklyn soil, I should be entirely satisfied. When I got within a dozen rods of the pier, on the other

side, I did what you have done a thousand times, I stepped over the chain. When I got within ten feet of the pier, I did what ten thousand more do every day, I wondered how far I could jump. When I got within three feet of the pier, I did jump, at the risk of my life. I followed the crowd for a few rods, and then was stranded four miles from home, breathless, and nearly tired to death.

Now, friends, it seems to me that my experience is but a transcript of the daily life which is endured in your city. No wonder that every ten or fifteen years you are compelled to look for reinforcements from the country. No wonder your young men grow thin in the face. No wonder that epidemics, unknown generations ago, appear on the surface of your life. You no longer boast of your physical powers. You are fretful and sickly. You spend life so rapidly, and get out of it so little. Why, the other day when I was in the business part of the city, I went into a sort of gymnasium. It is a good in-

stitution, and I hope many a man will go there and be helped. I said to the proprietor, "When I was a boy I went to the gymnasium two hours every day, and here you have the result of it," showing him my muscle. "I can walk all day, I can ride horseback all day, I can work all night if necessary; and I attribute it merely to the fact that when young my mother told me that God's blessing rested on a healthful body, and I had better get one under way the very first thing." I asked then what a certain lifting apparatus was for. His reply was significant. He said that in fifteen minutes with this machine you can get as much exercise as in two hours in the ordinary way. We crowd down into fifteen minutes what it took us two hours to get years ago. This is thoroughly American. Concentrated exercise is the latest invention.

Almost every one is overworked. I look at your faces, young men, as you sit here and listen to me. I think I can see the lines of care that ought not to be there. It is hard

for me to guess your age ; and I should miss it nine times out of ten, because, though young in years, you are old in looks. The life you live drains your nervous system. You are not strong in body as you should be, and therefore you are not strong in soul as you might be. Steady, unremitting toil is the rule of life.

The editor of a paper, by night and by day with the eyes of an eagle, looks out for every incident in this vast city, and feels ashamed unless he chronicles the very last death and the very last fire. It is curious to note the difference between London and New York in this respect. When George Peabody died, his entire biography was published in the New York papers twenty-four hours before a word was said about him, except the mere announcement of his death, in the London papers ; and yet he died within a mile of them, and three thousand miles from us. The editors of the London journals excused themselves from commenting on the event, on the

ground that they had no time to write an obituary; and at the very moment when they were offering excuses, there appeared some two columns in fine print, giving the entire history of the man from the cradle to the grave, in nearly every paper in this city. This is what Americans call enterprise. The model editor keeps a biography of every representative man in the nation pigeon-holed; and when any thing happens to him, all possible information is within reach from his desk. Every step a public man takes is tracked, and all his antecedents are known away back to his grandfather. And this editorial life is only a type of the general life of the community. Everywhere you find hurry and bustle. You have only one motto: "It is the duty of every man either to keep up with the crowd, or else to get out of the way."

Manual labor seldom hurts a man: brain labor kills. Let a man work never so hard with his body, he is apt to live to a hale,

hearty old age ; but if you compel him to work with his brain a longer time than nature allows, she takes revenge by inducing premature decay, by developing diseases which sap his strength, and undermine his constitution. The consequences of all this are apparent. If only fathers would be boys once in a while, if only mothers would be girls again, the average life of Americans would be greatly lengthened. If we could give up this dreadful wear and tear of business, we should be healthier in the tone of our society, and stronger in mind, spirit, and body. The man nowadays who is doing an active business cannot spare time to say his prayers in the morning, for he must hurry down to his counting-house ; he cannot say them at night, for he is tired, and drops asleep with the drowsy words on his lips. In the olden time the morning hour was given to asking the benediction of God. A full hour at noon was given to dinner and social converse. At even-tide the family met all together around the hearth-

stone, and sang their hymn of praise, and spoke of their gratitude to the Father. Men at eighty years of age were strong, healthy, hearty, and enjoyed life up to the hour of their death.

To-day it is not so. We are old when we are young, and we die when we should be in our prime.

But more than all, dear friends, the moral consequences of such a life are terrible. It is not many months since, in a neighboring city, a poor young man noted for his honesty, with a good mother, educated by a manly father, entered a bank. Two years passed by, and he kept honest, for he kept well in health. But the time came when overwork began to tell on him: he was compelled to stay at his desk till late at night; he became restless and uneasy and nervous; he was tired out. Then in order to keep up his strength he resorted to stimulants. He smoked all the time; he drank light wines, and when these failed to rouse him, he drank whiskey. His hand

trembled, his health gave way, and he said to himself, "Why must I work for others all the time, and end by having nothing for myself?" He had no money with which to speculate, so he borrowed money from his employer; that is, he took money from the safe, intending to return it and pocket the profits; but profits changed to losses. Then he took more, and so threw good money after bad. So he gradually snarled himself all up, until his ledger was chaotic, and his employer found out the swindle. The young man's character and prospects were blasted; the father was brought down to the grave prematurely; the mother was bowed down with age and sorrow; and a poor wife and child were covered with shame.

I sought for a cause for such calamities, and found it. Society, because it is false-hearted and cruel, demanded of this young man that he should not live quietly on his two thousand a year; and he did not have the courage to do his simple, plain duty. He

might have done it, if he had had a *mens sana in corpore sano*; but he had not these things. The blush had faded from his cheeks through incessant bending over the desk. The sunshine never stole into his room; he worked by gas-light all day. The man who works in a north room, and under the sidewalk, will inevitably grow ill. Honesty is born of the sun. Give me a sunny room in which to earn my living, and it is my fault if I am not honest: compel me to stay in a dark room, in a chilly room, day after day, and month after month, and it is as much your fault as mine if the ledger account is not all right. It was so with this young man: when the temptation came, fretful, nervous, oppressed in body, he yielded to it, and now is in the State Prison suffering the penalty of his deeds.

A man whose digestion is good can be a Christian. The man who has the dyspepsia can commit any crime. The cause of half the evils in New York is to be found in weak nerves, poor digestion, and liver complaint.

Rapid eating and overwork result in criminality. Teach your boys to be boys while they are young. Teach them to be proud of nothing more than of their bodies except it be their characters. Teach them to be strong in muscle, to boast of their prowess. Let them have no ambition to get into the whirl of commercial life. They will get into it soon enough. You must keep them back until they are equipped for the fight with healthy bodies and healthy souls.

Gentlemen, you who are still young, there are two things you ought to do: the first is to spend as much of your time as possible in getting into perfect health, that first; then spend as much of your time as you can in *keeping* in a perfect physical condition. Boast all day when you get there, and stay there as long as you are able to. Let it be a part of your religion to think good health one of the greatest of all blessings; never cease to be thankful to God for it; then you can enjoy the exercise of that religious principle

which makes the soul as sturdy and healthy as the body. A good constitution and true religion go together. The first will enable you to enjoy to the full the pleasures of this present life, and the last will give you a deep and changeless faith in the future. God demands that you be true to his physical as well as his spiritual laws. A big muscle and a great soul make the ideal man. Get both, and keep both.

UNDEFILED RELIGION.

VI.

UNDEFINED RELIGION.

ST. MARK X. 17: "*Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?*"

GENTLEMEN, in the previous lectures I have spoken to you of your possibilities and of your dangers. I come now to speak of your religion, of that temper and tone of your nature which is to bless and consecrate your lives. Your business is to your life what the fibre is to the oak. Your religion is what the sap is to the fibre,—that mysterious something which induces toughness of trunk and limb, which gives its greenness to the leaf, and which fills the fruit with its delicious aroma.

Religion is something very simple, and very easily understood. If you go to the creeds of Christendom, you may become bewildered: if you go to Jesus Christ, the path will at

once be made plain and clear. Obey your conscience, and you shall see God. Live up to your ideal; be always true to your best self. If you do this, you need have no fear; for God is with every man who desires to be with him. God takes up his abode in every human heart, and stays there until he is expelled by passion, by ambition, or by lust.

No wonder that the young man of to-day, looking over Christendom and asking what is religious truth, becomes strangely bewildered. There are a thousand banners flying, and beneath each one the troops are zealous, brave, and knightly. With wondrous eloquence each denomination pleads its own cause, but commits the fatal error within whose shadow infidelity and atheism are born, when it asserts that its system alone is true, and all others are false; that it alone has supreme power to dictate dogma, while every thing unapproved by its synod is dangerous; that it alone can trace the narrow path betwixt the cradle and the grave, and

that all other ways lead to death and ruin. Young men, in your search after the true religion, I conjure you above all things else to clothe yourselves with that love of man which is full of mercy and charity; and when you have settled down upon certain convictions, spend so much of your time in doing good to your fellows that you will have no minute left to denounce any man, and then you will find the golden key that unlocks the gates, and leads you into the Eternal Presence. The fact is, and it is time you and I should see it and speak of it, the fact is that God does not exclusively reside within the limits of any denomination. He presides with equal benignity over them all. He is not more in this church than in any other church in the land. His word is not preached from this pulpit alone, nor is his spirit represented by the ministers of our own sect exclusively. God is in the midst of every people that seek him, and pray to him, no matter under what denominational banner they may be working.

If I understand this matter aright, these sectarian limitations are mere matters of convenience; and if you insist on making them more than that, you hurt yourself and injure the general cause of truth. When a dozen men go into the prairies and buy, each one of them, five hundred acres, they try to fence their farms in: not because any one's piece of property is better than his neighbors, but because it is his. It is done only as a matter of convenience.

Over the fence yonder is as rich loam as can be found here; his neighbor's farm is as good as this man's; and the only real proof of the value of any of them is to be found in the October crops, in the golden sheaves that are produced. You can apply that simile, gentlemen, to the religions of the world. There is none of them that has not its use, that is not imbued with the true spirit, that is not divinely ordained to do some redeeming work in this bad world. Every church whose pulpit dares to speak the truth is a

Christian Church; and every congregation that kneels in prayer, asking for help to become more Christ-like, is a Christian congregation. It makes little difference what four walls witness your worship; little difference upon the wings of what minister's words your souls are lifted up to heaven; little difference under the influence of what church's music you are subdued to reverence. It is not the organ which makes Christianity, nor yet is it the church that is to save you. It is not church, it is not pulpit; it is spirit: it is not form and ceremony; it is life, it is love, that reaches up to the throne eternal, and sympathy that reaches out to the limits of human kind. These things alone buy the right to be blessedly immortal.

I know you will bear with me if I illustrate this thought. The Roman Catholic Church is one which claims very little sympathy from me personally. I care nothing for its pomp, its pageantry, its emblazonry. These things have no influence on me at all: they are only

obstacles in the way of worship. I had rather sit on a plain pine bench in the humblest church that was ever built, without an organ, and without the silken gown of the priest, and pray my prayer to God. But am I so narrow of heart and mind that I fail to see the work which that great church has been doing, is doing now, and is destined to do in the civilization of mankind? Am I so unlettered or so prejudiced that I fail to acknowledge its mission and its power? It is the great picture-book of religion. It is the primer in religious education. It is the primary school into which the infant race goes, and out of which it ought to graduate.

It does not trouble me that some clergymen wear a white gown in one part of the service, and a black gown in another. If they think it right to do so, in God's name let them do it. It is all foolishness to me, but it may be the way of wisdom for them; and if you are helped in your worship of God by the spectacle, use the help at every opportunity. Go

wherever you are lifted highest toward heaven. Go wherever the words of the preacher carry you out of yourself, and lead you towards a nobler manhood, and a purer and truer purpose.

Then again, we see in our midst that magnificent organization which we call the Methodist Church. It is so democratic and unambitious that it has wandered among the poor of this country for a hundred years, and scattered blessings everywhere. It wears the laurel wreath, not because it seeks the respect of the wealthy and the aristocratic; for it does not care to meet the arguments of the sceptic with rebutting logic. Content with the simple Gospels themselves, it bears them from hamlet to hamlet, from home to home, consecrating every acre of ground on this broad continent by its noble and self-sacrificing spirit.

Then again, we see standing by the side of Methodism what we call Orthodoxy. Its influence is felt in every part of the commu-

nity. Its pulpits seem to be founded on a rock taken from the top of Mount Sinai. It is Mosaic in its power. It is hardly yet filled with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, for it has not yet finished with the Decalogue. It says to mankind, in tones that make you shiver, Thou shalt not, for I am a jealous God: obey, and you shall be rewarded with bliss; disobey, and you shall be punished in the fires of hell! and with thrilling eloquence it holds the poor trembling sinner over the pit, until at last, frightened out of his badness, he tries to be good.

Now, friends, although this church deals so largely in the penalties that attach to sin; though it looks persistently at the penal side of God's government, — cannot you and I see that it is doing infinite service in the cause of Christ? Are there not men in this community, — in every community, — who cannot be attracted by love, who cannot see any beauty in the ideal, who are wilful enough to follow their own lusts and passions, no

matter what the hazard may be? Christ may beckon to such men with his loving hand, but they turn their backs on him. Moses must come with his thunder of threatenings, and then they will shiver and shake, and, perhaps, hesitate in their mad career.

Then, finally, we see our own church,—the Unitarian and Universalist Church. It teaches us to love God because he first loved us. It tries to show to all that the way to be noble and courageous is to live with one's head pillowed on the bosom of infinite love. It asserts that God is never, under any possible circumstances, other than a father; that even when we commit the vilest sins, he does not hate us, but rather grieves for us; and that when we make our bed in the hell of guilt, he visits us and sends his ministering spirits to lift us up.

Now all those churches stand side by side. Each one grows eloquent over its claims upon you; but, believe me, they are all equally needed in our civilization. Each one has its

place; each one has its work; each one is doing great good. So long as men are different in education, in complexion, in temperament; so long as they are different in the circumstances attending their birth,—so long will there be differences in the administration of religion. It is every man's bounden duty, in presence of these facts,—a duty he owes to God, to the community, and to himself,—to find out what church he agrees with most nearly, and then to worship at its altar. And let him be sure to exercise charity towards all, and to have in his heart malice toward none.

Now, I want to speak to you of certain underlying principles, which are at the foundation of all religious systems. I want to call to your attention certain thoughts which are fundamental, which are the basis of every noble character.

First of all, if you are to be good men and true, I want you to feel a constant dependence upon, and a constant responsibility to,

God. If this is in your hearts, you will at once be brave and manly. If there is One in heaven who watches over you, and cares enough for you to listen to your prayers and longings, it is your duty to so use the talents he has put into your charge that you can render an account to him, in the last day, of which you need not be ashamed. Walk ever with the sublime and majestic step of a king. You are every thing to God, and he should be every thing to you. To be religious is simply to put his Spirit into your daily life, to live in constant communion with him, to feel that he is very near to you, and never far away. God and you are together in every day's toil, and he expects you to do your share of the work.

When you build a ship, you do not think your work quite complete when the strong oaken timbers are knitted together, nor when the tall masts point to the stars, nor when the white sails are spread to the breeze, nor when the rich cargo is taken on board. There is

something else needed : it is the ton after ton of heavy iron that must nestle down close to the keel. It is, after all, the ballast that insures the success of the voyage. If this is in its place, you may be sure of reaching the port for which you are steering. When you are in mid-ocean, no matter how the winds may howl, no matter how high the terrible waves may throw their white caps, the weight that is down yonder will be strong enough to draw the masts up by slow degrees until they point heavenward again. It is the weight that is down below that enables you to successfully brave the storm. Just so in human life. A man needs more than education, more than genius, more than social position, more than a successful business. He must have, nestling in the very centre and core of his heart, the divine weight of religious principle. He must be ballasted with a sense of vast responsibility ; and then when his money fades away, when he drops from his social elevation, when misfortune dogs every step and

entraps him at last, when wife and child, father and mother, all go into the darkness of the shadow, though he have nothing else left, he will have confidence in God, and that will bear him through.

Why, friends, what is called good fortune is the most dangerous thing that can come to a man. Many a one is born into a new life by being thrown from the pinnacle of wealth to the depths of poverty. God as truly teaches you when he makes you look at life through your tears, as when he fills your hands with plenty, and wreathes your lips with smiles. Many and many a man, after twenty years of toil, stands on his half-million, and looks proudly at the position he has made for himself. He has given his brain, his muscle, his time, and his character to the acquisition of a fortune; and at last he has won it. But, perchance, — how often is this the case! — he has forgotten to lay up treasures in heaven. All his money is in the savings-bank, or in United-States bonds; hardly a dollar in the bank of

God. He is not dishonest, not wilfully bad : he has simply ignored religion, or thought of it only as the necessity of old age. So long as he has half a million of money, and can buy the gratification of every appetite and desire, he will never learn what a truly religious life is, and never know the happiness that comes from trust in God. In one fell, dreadful moment, — it may be a panic in the market, a fall in stocks, no matter what, — the whole is swept away, and he stands impoverished and alone. He is poor again, but not with the world before him as in his youth. The world is now all behind him, and he has nothing before him except the certainty of old age and death. To the casual observer, a great calamity has befallen him. Fortune has been not only fickle, but even cruel ; and at first he is inclined to believe that God has either been very unkind, or else has neglected him altogether. He sits pondering the problem : he sees what his life has been, and what it might have been. He sees how, like a hound on the track of a

here, he has pursued money, and forgotten the better things which money cannot buy: so little by little he creeps up closer and closer and closer to God, until he finds that he has paid just half a million dollars for a strong religious faith, and feels that he has bought it very cheaply indeed.

I have seen this great change come in the fair maiden's life too. To-day she is a simple child, and in the giddiness of her youth she is clothed with romance; she is building air-castles; she chafes at parental restraint, and finds the plain every-day duties of life very irksome; she delights in gay society, the merry dance, the chatter of her many admirers: she will never ripen into the better type of womanhood so long as she lives on her present plane. Too much good fortune attends her: she needs discipline, — a discipline which her father's money cannot buy, which only God can send. Sometime she goes to her home, and when she steps within the door, she feels an oppressiveness in the very

atmosphere of the house. The mother who bore her, and who has gratified her every wish and whim; the mother who has put herself between all danger and her child, who has been her sunlight and her heat, her teacher and her faith; who has stood, as some mothers do, in the place of God, — that mother is stricken down by a fatal disease. Her eyes are languid, and her body is weak. The child watches by her bedside day after day and night after night. It is a hard lesson she is learning: she is bewildered; the change shocks her, and benumbs and paralyzes her for a while. The darkness increases until the light goes out from the mother's eyes, until the life goes out from the mother's body, and until that mother's heart is still. The poor girl walks with faltering step to the grave, and seems to leave every thing there. That resting-place holds all that is dear to her, — not only her mother, but also all the light of her own life. With drooping head she goes back to the shadow of her home, and soon her spirit rises,

widens, deepens, to meet the new duties. She learns how to be a better sister to the boy, a better daughter to the father, a better child of the heavenly mother. She has grown into a truer womanhood, and has ripened with a delicious aroma, and her life is made more solemn and more rich by her great grief. She has learned from standing on the green wet sod what she could not have learned in sunlight and in joy.

So it is with you and me, brothers: God's providence sometimes uses us roughly, and his voice sounds harshly in our ears; but his great heart loves us all the while. Your griefs and misfortunes are only the school in which you learn, through tears and toil, to solve the deepest problems of life and character.

I want you, then, to feel, first of all, a deep sense of personal responsibility; for it makes a great deal of difference to God what you do and what you say. You seem to yourself to be insignificant, and small in your

influence ; you are only one in a thousand million, and you cannot count for much ; your weight adds nothing to, and detracts nothing from, the immense bulk of the world. These are your thoughts ; but, believe me, with God's providence the minutest influence has its place and its mission. It is the thousand little fibres, each one as slender as the spider's attenuated thread, which, properly twisted, make the rope that cannot be broken ; and it is your seemingly worthless life, which, rightly lived, makes the whole world glorious and majestic.

I do not care to what denomination you belong : you must acknowledge that this truth is at the foundation of every true character.

Now, in the second place, young men, I want to speak to you of the motives which should urge you in the work you have to do. You have doubtless learned that it is no easy task to be true, true to the world and to God ; and the impulse to this hard work comes from

the right solution of this problem, — What is the attitude you occupy towards your Father, and what is his relation to you? I say this is a question of great moment; for a man unconsciously puts the spirit of his ideas of God into his life. If your Deity is a despot, you inevitably become despotic yourself; if, on the other hand, you feel that you can go to him in your trouble, and that he will listen to your petition; in a word, if you believe that he cares for you with tender love, — you will soon learn to hear your neighbor's cry of suffering, and you will care for him generously and kindly. This is the law of the religious life. What, then, should be your motive, brothers? What but gratitude and love can be your motive? Surely, nothing else. Let no fear throw its shadow upon the relationship between you and your Father. Never dread him: always love him. Never fear because he is omnipotent; but always draw nigh to him because he is gentle, kind, and good. Can I say any better word to you than that? Is it not full

of the very essence of true religion? Is there any religion except the religion of love? Can you ever get to heaven unless you are consecrated by love? I believe that filial confidence and trust constitute the only path that leads to happiness, the only path that leads to God! See how love acts on the world. Years ago the overseer on the southern plantation drove his slaves to the field in the morning, and drove them back again at night. They labored all day with the whip held over their bare black backs; and what was the result? Neither had any confidence in the other; neither had any kindly feeling towards the other. Their relation to each other was none other than that which would naturally exist between fear on the one hand, and a cruel desire for gain on the other. The result was as little work as the slaves could possibly do. Their feet moved slowly, and they shirked their duty. They felt that the overseer was fair game: and so whenever they could steal what belonged to him, their consciences excused

the act; and if they could gain by lying, they did it without a blush. But when the Proclamation of Emancipation struck the chains from off their limbs, a new life came in upon their souls. They became cheerful and happy; they bought acres of their own, and worked with a right hearty will. They rose early, and toiled until evening; and somehow there was a new spring in their steps, a new joy in their hearts, and a new light in their lives.

Fathers and mothers, you will recognize this truth in the education of your children. You see it illustrated every day. The prime object you have in view is to teach your child not to distrust you, but always to fly to your arms in times of trouble and perplexity; always to feel that, though friendships fail, your love will never fail. Your home is a fortress; and the boy or girl makes a *sortie* from it into the world; and, if unsuccessful, he retreats behind the walls of your love, and feels secure. If this is so, your home is a happy one: if it is not so, your home is a wretched one. If it is so,

your motherly prayers will linger like benedictions about your boy's after-life : if it is not so, when you die and are buried, the memory of you shall fade away and be lost.

Does your child fear you ? then you are no mother in the sight of God. If your child trembles in your presence, and fears to tell you its thoughts, you are no true father. When love binds you all together, what a home is that, so like heaven is it ! Like a bundle of branches which are bound into the fagot, the love of each makes all stronger ; and all pour their strength into each.

I would have you, young men, apply this truth to your religion. God is Father, you are child. This is no myth, no figure of speech. Do not fear him ; never tremble in his presence : but go to him under all circumstances. I do not care how you are living ; you may be a victim of your own lusts and passions ; you may be surrounded by all bad influences ; you may be even a criminal, a murderer, — *it makes no difference*. The world,

when it learns of your guilt, will turn its back upon you; the world is false, and has been ever since Adam. The world, when it learns of your crime, will point its finger of scorn at you; and, it may be, even noble and Christian men will leave you to your fate, and never give you a sigh at parting. The world is cold and uncharitable, and has been ever since it began. Christ came and died to tell you that there is One above you who always regards your wishes, and listens to your hopes; and, if you are a sinner, pities you and grieves for you, and weeps over you. God in heaven, friends, so my religion teaches me, weeps over the sinner as the shepherd weeps when the poor lamb has been entrapped by a pitfall, and has broken its limb. God, the Creator, the Father,—marvellous truth!—grieves for you, and is ready to move heaven, earth, and hell to save you. Though friendships are false, though love turns sour, though the door of home is shut and bolted against you, God's heart beats warm for you; and his

arms are open; when, like the prodigal, you try to seek his dear presence.

Am I not right when I say that love towards him, perfect confidence in his love for you, is the noblest motive to action? Never fear, never fear, never fear; but go to him, sure of finding him ready to listen, ready to help, and even more ready to forgive. In all your troubles go to him, for he has the only balm of Gilead for such wounds as sin makes in the human heart.

Now, brothers, I do not care to what religious sect you belong, you must admit that my words are true. You must confess that this idea of God's relation to our souls is the foundation of all Christian character, and is the fountain whence flows all the heroism of humanity.

One more thought, and I have done. Brothers, there will come to you, sometime in your career, a great shadow, a loss, a disappointment. We do not walk always in sunny places. Life is made up of sadness and

tears, as well as joys. Not always will your happy dreams come true. Not always will your work succeed. To-day Fortune may favor you, to-morrow she may frown on you. To-day every thing eventuates just as you expected; to-morrow every thing may seem to lie at cross purposes. Sometime, your friend, on whom you have leaned, may treacherously step aside, and you shall fall. Sometimes your best endeavors will be as weak as a child's efforts. Sometimes a great grief will come like a leaden weight, and crush you down to earth. This is the fortune of human life. You cannot avoid it. It has been the common lot of humanity from the first, and will be to the end. Look the fact in the face, and ask what it means: settle that question aright, and you are safe. You cannot ignore what is called bad luck because you are young and strong. It is pretty sure to dog your steps, and catch you sometime in your life. I care not how strong you are, or how nimble of foot you may be, sorrows are persistent, and

always catch a man before he dies. I am not wrong in predicting, that within the next twenty years your eyes shall be filled with burning tears, and your heart shall be filled to bursting with bitter grief.

What does it all mean ?

I would have you feel that God's providence is always over you, under you, around you, and in your life. This is the most important revelation of the Christian religion. This it is which fills the Lord's Prayer brimful of meaning. O my brother! I wish I could make you feel that all the events of life are controlled by a higher power. You are no accident, and your life has in it no accident. That you are in this world, breathing God's air and eating his food, proves that you are a part of his plan, that he is regarding you constantly. No matter how limited the sphere in which you think and act, it is all the same with him. If you are on a throne, God needs you; and if you live in a hut and on a crust, God needs you none the less. He does not

care for the wealthy alone. He governs and guides the slenderest stream of human life. No class monopolizes his providence. It is over the carpenter and the prince, the clerk and the millionaire. Every thing that comes to you comes with his knowledge, and because he thinks it best. Put that thought into your hearts, and then learn to trust him. Put that thought into your lives, and then your hand will instinctively grasp the Invisible Hand, and your lips will say, O Lord! lead me whithersoever thou wilt.

It is said, that in Switzerland, where so many of our watches are made, the workman in this cottage makes one kind of a wheel, while in that cottage another wheel is made; in another, the delicate spring; in another, the hands of the watch; and in another, the case: and so the whole work is distributed over the district, each man doing what he can do best. Then, when the right time comes, all these little cottages yield up the fruit of their labor to the employer. With skilled fingers he puts

these springs and wheels together; and if each man has done his work well, the watch will keep pace exactly with the sun. But if the smallest cog-wheel has been bunglingly or unfaithfully made, if the spring has been badly tempered, the watch is spoiled. In God's universe, I think it is so too. You have some little work to do, and so have I. It may be that the manufacture of the smallest wheel in the watch has been intrusted to your care; it makes no difference whether our charge is exalted or humble. God demands of us that our work shall be faithfully and properly and skilfully done. If it is, the universe is complete and God is glad; but if it is not, the universe is incomplete, and there is sorrow in heaven. So great a responsibility rests on you; of such importance is what you think and do!

Now, friends, God leads you always. Sometimes he leads you into the darkness, and talks to you there, as he never talks in the broad sunlight; sometimes he leads you into

poverty, and tells you what you find it very hard to believe, that it is better for you than riches; sometimes he leads you to the edge of a grave. Go with hesitating and faltering steps, but go trustingly, in your heart believing that all things which he does are done for your good; and then in all your life you shall be filled with the divine consciousness of his sacred and protecting presence. Fathers, mothers, children, over all our homes and over all our lives, such is the beauty of the Christian revelation of religion, there is spread the eternal and never slumbering care of Him who is our Father in heaven.

Now, young men, those are my three thoughts. They lie at the very foundation of human character. Without them you can accomplish nothing; but with them what possibilities are beckoning you on!

THE END.

veg 2/27/16

